

Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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NUMBER 3

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

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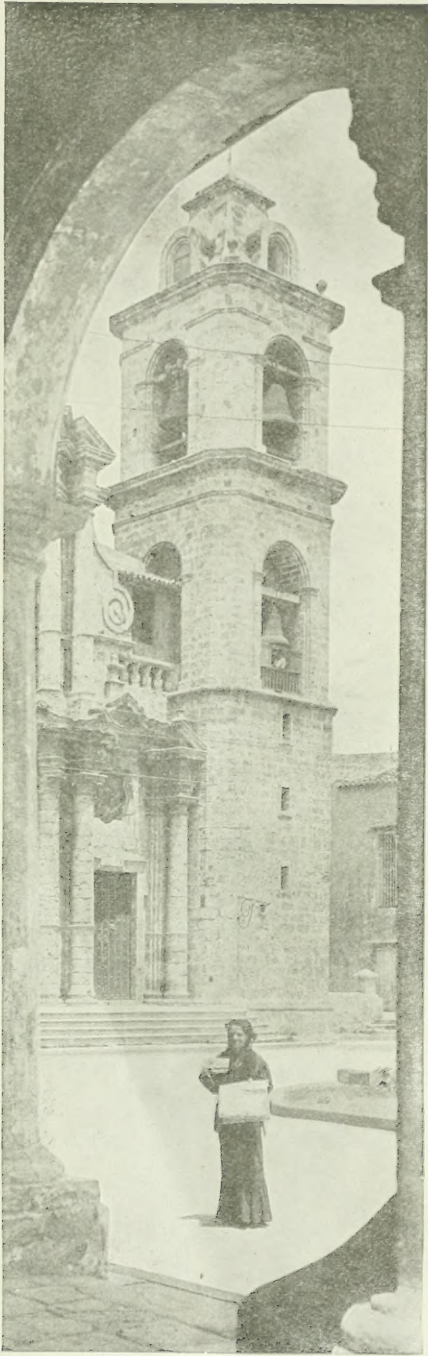
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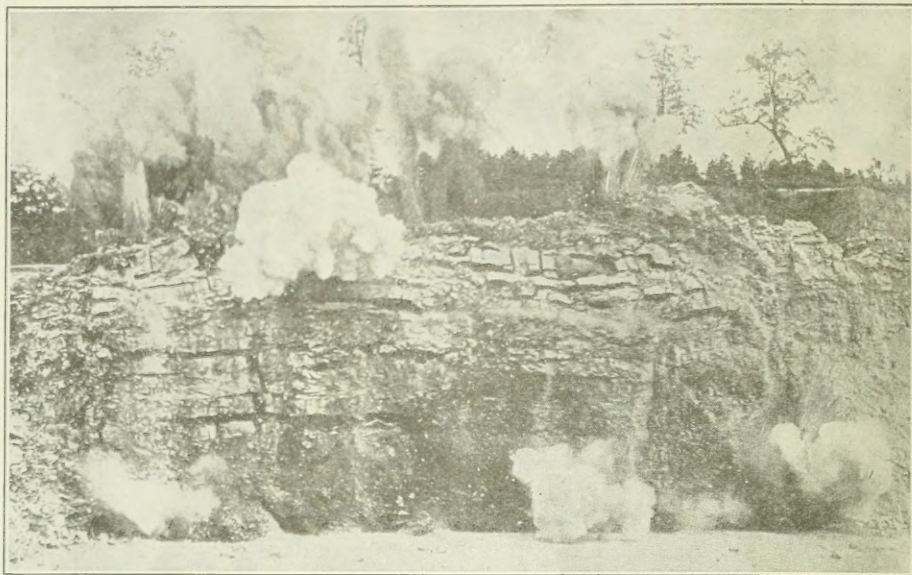
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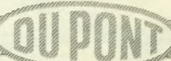
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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

MARIANO DE VEDIA Y MITRE: b. en Buenos Aires, c. 1880; educated at Buenos Aires, lawyer, author, journalist.

FRANCISCO LEÓN DE LA BARRA: b. in Querétaro, México, c. 1850; lawyer and publicist; successively minister of foreign relations, ambassador of México at Washington and special representative of México in France; president *ad interim* of México after the fall of Porfirio Díaz and pending the election of Francisco I. Madero; now professor of international law in the university of Paris.

JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN: b. in Montevideo, Uruguay, December 28, 1855; educated at Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile, being graduated in the last of these cities as doctor of jurisprudence; lawyer, journalist, man of letters, historian, publicist; minister of Uruguay successively in Spain, Portugal and France, and near the Vatican; author of numerous historical and literary works, among which the following occupy a prominent place: the poems of patriotism *Tabaré* and *Leyenda patria*, and the two-volume history of the life and times of the Uruguayan general José Artigas (1755-1851), *La epopeya de Artigas*.

CÉSAR E. ARROYO: b. and educated in Quito, Ecuador; a young lawyer and author; the delegate of Ecuador to the congress of students (composed of representatives of Ecuador, Colombia and Venezuela, the three countries that formerly constituted Great Colombia), held at Bogotá in 1910; has served as consul of Ecuador at Vigo, Spain; has just sailed from Guayaquil under appointment as consul of Ecuador at Madrid, Spain.

CARLOS A. VILLANUEVA: (owing to the interruption of communications, it has been impossible to secure data regarding this author, in spite of a sincere desire and no little effort.)

M. ROMERA NAVARRO: b. in Almería, Spain, October, 1886; educated there, at Granada and Madrid, Spain, and in France, Switzerland and Belgium; lawyer, man of letters, journalist, educator; lectured at the Ateneo of Madrid, 1908 and 1910; came to the United States in 1911; instructor in Spanish in the university of Pennsylvania, since 1916; author of *Ensayo de una filosofía femenista* and *Femenismo jurídico*; contributor to *Heraldo de Madrid*, *Nuestro Tiempo* and *Album Ibero Americano*, of Madrid, and several other journals.

FRANCISCO GARCÍA CALDERÓN: b. in Lima, Perú, c. 1884; educated at Lima (at La Recoleta and at the universidad de San Marcos); has spent many years in France; man of letters, historian, journalist; author of several historical and philosophical works, among which the following take high rank: *América latina* (translated, with the title, *Latin America, its rise and progress*), and *La creación de un continente*.

JOAQUÍN DÍAZ GARCÉS: (see INTER-AMERICA: English: Volume I, Number 1, October, 1917, Biographical data, under his pen-name of Ángel Pino.

SALVADOR TURCIOS R.: b. in Comayagüela, near Tegucigalpa, Honduras, c. 1885; educated in Tegucigalpa; man of letters and journalist; director of the *Ateneo de El Salvador*; author of *Libro de los sonetos*.

CENTENARY OF JOSÉ MÁRMOL¹

DECEMBER 2, 1817—DECEMBER 2, 1917

BY

MARIANO DE VEDIA Y MITRE

A glimpse at a personality and a period of intense interest in the literary development and the political history of Argentina, in the brief, incisive style of the journalist.—THE EDITOR.

JOSÉ MÁRMOL belongs to the generation of imperishable memory which spent many years in exile, in order not to submit to the régime of oppression that dominated its country, a group that never rested for a moment in the task of overthrowing it, although tranquillity, fortune and life were thus at stake. To-day, when we feel so far removed from that lamentable and sinister period, there are not wanting those who tend to glorify the man who in-

carnated that system of oppression, and, as a consequence, to present his enemies as misguided spirits. It is possible that some day the cold judgment of history may reach the point of softening the crimes and the excesses of tyranny, but it is indisputable that it will never go so far as to deny them.

It was this group in exile that stimulated the men—who soon consummated the organization of the republic and founded the social order which we that have come after them enjoy to-day—to fight against a system founded upon the negation of all rights and upon the subjection of consciences. So, as movement proves itself simply by moving, it is sufficient, in order to demonstrate who were in the right and set forth justice in its purest sense in this historical controversy, merely to remember that in the ranks in which Mármol struggled were to be counted, sooner or later, all the men dear to the Argentine heart whose action and thought have given foundations and organic forms to the nation.

Not against Rosas,¹ but against tyranny, these men waged their warfare; and

¹José Mármol was born in Buenos Aires. There is a diversity of statement as to dates: according to Puig his birth occurred on December 4, 1815, and his death on August 9, 1871; José María Gutiérrez, author of the biography of Mármol, gives the year as 1819, and he is followed by many others, although he corrected his statement later in an autographic marginal note upon the copy (edition of 1846) to be seen in the Biblioteca del Congreso; Menéndez y Pelayo further complicates the problem by supplying December 4, 1818, as the date of the birth, and August 12, 1881, as that of the death; Salvat gives 1818 for the birth; and Barreda gives December 2, 1818, for the birth, and August 12, 1871, for the death.

Mármol was educated at Buenos Aires; at the age of twenty he was thrown into prison by Rosas; when he was given his liberty, he joined many other refugees in Montevideo, whence he continued his attack upon Rosas; later he spent some time in Rio de Janeiro, returning to Argentina after the battle of Caseros (in 1852, when Rosas was finally overthrown), and taking a prominent part in the reconstruction of the nation. In his later years he lost his sight, and he died on August 9 or 12, 1871, the last of the Argentine poets of the great period of José María Gutiérrez.

The characterization of Menéndez y Pelayo is not infelicitous: "Except for the difference between the dagger and the pen, there are cases in which the poet puts himself on a level with the tyrant whom he combats. So, as Rosas has in history his savage and sinister grandeur, the incorrect verses of Mármol possess a certain barbaric and disheveled poesy which renders them unforgettable, and, in a certain sense, imperishable."

His celebrated apostrophe entitled, *A Rosas: el 25 de mayo de 1843*, which occurs in *El peregrino*, stands out as one of the bitterest invectives of poetical literature.—THE EDITOR.

¹Juan Manuel (Ortiz) de Rosas, a politician, born in Buenos Aires (1793-1877), and a powerful and unscrupulous federalist dictator for many years. He began his career tending his father's flocks, later winning distinction as a gaucho by his strength, activity and wily daring, until he became the hero of the pampas. He appeared on the political horizon in 1820, and, attached to the federalist party, he distinguished himself in the civil war of 1828, in the combats with the unitaries. He proclaimed himself chief of the state in 1829, strengthening his power by every possible means; in 1831 he subdued the Indian tribes as far south as the strait of Magellan; in 1835 he had himself invested with the dictatorship by the assembly, for a term of five years only, which he succeeded in prolonging for twenty-three years, a period notable for inconceivable tyranny, recklessness and cruelty, the victims of his outrages being calculated

against it they triumphed. Never has there been pointed out, in the actions of any of them, a personal design, either of vengeance or of hatred. It was hatred of the régime that Rosas embodied. It was hatred of the tyranny that was annihilating Argentine energies, of the forces of regression that kept the people in the backwardness and ignorance fatally provoked by oppression and violence converted into a system. So pure was this sentiment and so real its character that, when those who combated Rosas upon the field of battle and in the columns of the press, once believed him overthrown, and, mistaken or not, that the plant of tyranny might bring forth new fruits, they threw themselves again into the arena and fought with the same faith and the same patriotic inspiration for the ideal that was their creed at every moment.

Mármol belonged to the nucleus of men who did not move except for the highest interests of the patria. He was a friend of liberty, and he proclaimed it to his fellow-countrymen, imprisoned by Rosas, who succeeded by means of imprisonment in overcoming many oppositions and in suppressing many antagonists, such as yielded when they faced the threat of death. On the walls of his prison he wrote his first verse to the tyrant. There his profession of faith remained engraved:

*Muestra a mis ojos espantosa muerte,
Mis miembros todos en cadenas pon;
¡Bárbaro! nunca matarás el alma
Ni pondrás grillos a mi mente, ¡no!*

Without a doubt he was able to demonstrate this every day of his life, his life of a pilgrim that he lived, singing to drown his sorrows, to give vent to his soul and to do battle against tyranny. Oh,

at 20,000. After several unsuccessful attempts, on the part of different groups, to overthrow Rosas, he was finally defeated at the battle of Caseros (February 3, 1852), and forced to take refuge on a British steamship, in which he escaped to Plymouth. His possessions were confiscated, and he spent the remainder of his life in exile.—THE EDITOR.

Before mine eyes, set horrid death;
My members, all thrust into chains;
Barbarian! ne'er the soul wilt slay,
Nor on my mind set shackles, no!—THE EDITOR.

yes; against it also and above all! This noble spirit assuredly did more with his poet's lyre, which was his means of militant action, than if he had betaken himself to the battlefield, like so many others. His pen was the complement of the pens of Sarmiento¹ and Florencio Varela.² The terrible apostrophes of his verses, beautiful for their fierceness, will not die as long as wills feel themselves stirred by goodness, and there be preserved the memory of the deeds of history, which some seek in vain to put aside in favor of the fabrications of legend in furtherance of a design that will not be easily accomplished.

In this rapid evocation of his work, the first place belongs to *Amalia*. We all read it in the days, now somewhat remote, of our youth. We have all been stirred by the vivacity of its scenes, the dark tones in which the personages are painted, the blood distilled by its pages. It has been said and repeated that it is an historical novel. No; I say, for my part, that it is a political novel. It is more; it is a political document that portrays only one scene and one personage: tyranny and the tyrant. The word historical is applied

¹See INTER-AMERICA: English: Volume I, Number 2, October, 1917, p. 74, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

²A journalist, juriconsult, publicist and poet; he was born in Buenos Aires, February 23, 1807, and educated there, supporting himself, in his later youth, by working in the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores. During the first years of his manhood he devoted himself to literature. When Rosas came into power, December 8, 1829, he made Varela's collaboration with *El Pampero*, one of the newspapers put under ban by the tyrant, the ground for banishing him. Thenceforth Varela's life was a succession of stays in Montevideo, Brazil and a number of the European countries, in each of which he used his opportunities for study, for pleading the cause of free government against Rosas, and for the exercise of his pen, both as a journalist and a poet. In 1845 he founded *El Comercio del Plata* of Montevideo, and in this newspaper he devoted himself to important questions of political and social organization, always continuing the attack upon the tyrant. He was slain by the dagger of a foreign assassin on the night of March 20, 1848, in a street of Montevideo, for political reasons, without a doubt.

Among his leading political and historical works are: *Rosas y las provincias*, *La confederación argentina* and *Proyectos de monarquía en América*; among his numerous poems may be mentioned: *Al 25 de mayo de 1825*, *A la hermandad de caridad*, *A la victoria naval sobre la escuadrilla brasileira*, *A la gloriosa victoria de Ituzaingó*, *A la libertad de la Grecia* and *A la paz entre la República Argentina y el Imperio del Brasil*.—THE EDITOR.

to what recounts past, and not present, events, as for Mármol were those that are reflected in it; while the term political describes that which tends to an immediate end, and which therefore is also present. Mármol, painting Rosas, his men and his crimes, did not evoke them. He called them to judgment, delivered them to the execration of all, and he bequeathed to history a precious document that is no less so because it is a novel. We all know how unfortunately real are his narratives, and no one is ignorant that almost the whole of his assertions are supported by facts. Translated into several languages in his time, and handed down to posterity, *Amalia* is, by the consensus of the opinion of several generations and many peoples, a piece of Argentine literature that lives and ought to live.

We do not deny that its pages were written with heat and passion. Why should we deny it, if this is its true and highest merit? The passion, the noble passion that inspired Mármol through every day of his life, is inherent in his condition as a man, and as a man who loves his country and watches over her destiny. Those who desire to read pages void of passion, let them devote themselves to lofty scientific speculations that reflect mind, but not heart. Mármol, whom therefore his people loved, and who is loved by his posterity, did not possess this egotistical coldness of which some boast, but which is personified in sterile individualities, those who have never shed upon their path a single note of beauty and poetry. This is corroborated by his verses. They are the verses of a spirit tormented by misfortune, and not of his own, but that of all his fellow-countrymen; anything may be said against them, except to deny them the lofty and noble inspiration that prompted them.

Let us agree, however, that many of Mármol's verses suffer from defects of form that render them sufficiently ugly, and that his production is of varied and unequalled merit. Frequently the brilliancy of his images grows dim, his inspiration diminishes and his muse becomes unworthy of herself; but neither is it

proper to deny that Mármol, in spite of this, is a great poet, and that, as such, he fulfilled a noble mission in a characteristic moment of Argentine social life. Of him Sarmiento said, in a letter dated at Rio de Janeiro in 1846, where he chanced to be, exiled also, to the author of the *Cantos del peregrino* (Songs of the Pilgrim):

The Argentine refugees show here, every now and then, some remnant of the old unitary party. Santa Catalina and São Pedro are, nevertheless, the points where the larger number of the refugees have found shelter. A jewel I found in Rio de Janeiro, Mármol, a young poet who preludes with his lyre, when there are no *oídos*¹ but only *orejas*² to hear him in his own country. He is the poet of malediction, and his verses are just so many other protests against evil that triumphs, and the winds dissipate them without an echo before they reach their destination. Mármol, at the side of Guido, the solicitous servant of Rosas, disenchanting, without hope and faith now in the future of his poor patria, writes, purifies and polishes a poem like those ancient men of letters who confected a book in ten years. *El peregrino* (The Pilgrim), which will never see the light of day because it will interest no one to read it, is the most brilliant torrent of poetic gems that America has produced up to the present time.

Farther on he says:

Courage, my dear Mármol! If some time you turn your gaze backward upon the harsh path you have trod, you will catch a glimpse of me, in the distance, following in the footsteps of your *Peregrino*. Be the Isaiah and the Ezekiel of the chosen people that has become a renegade from civilization and worships the golden calf. Paint its crimes black, without pity! Posterity and history will do you justice.

To this period of Mármol's stay in Rio de Janeiro belongs a letter to another Argentine refugee, a person of distinction, who is worthy to be remembered here. It was given me, with the other papers of his archives, by his son, don Juan A. Mármol, to whom I therefore owe the intense gratitude which I express to him publicly at this moment. The letter is signed by

¹2An untranslatable play on the words *oídos*, the internal ears, sense of hearing, auditory perception, and *orejas*, external ears, by which Sarmiento implies that the possessors of *orejas*, but not of *oídos*, may have such as are pointed and over long.—THE EDITOR.

don Juan Bautista Alberdi.¹ It bears the date of February 6, 1844, and it was indited at nine o'clock at night, on board the frigate *Benjamin Harte*, in the bay of Rio de Janeiro. It begins without any heading and runs thus:

You can not deny that you bear an Argentine heart in your breast, that is to say, a gentle and knightly one. I ought to refuse what you sent me; but, fearful lest you might give to this act a bad interpretation, I shall accept it only in part, and it will be for me as if I accepted it as a whole. I return you therefore the half of what you sent; I accept the rest, which will serve me for my disembarkation at Valparaíso, and later for yours also. To-day, at the hour of dining, when you invited me to drink, you must have known that my eyes were filled with tears. It seems to me that this circumstance alone tells you what I omit to say here. You ask my pardon for your remittances! But it is I, my good boy, who ought to beg pardon, since I have been the bore, the old man, the botherer—oh, the devil! All this is domestic, paltry! That which remains, what is it? My recollection of your fine qualities.

¹See INTER-AMERICA: English: Volume I, Number 2, p. 74, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

²Bartolomé Mitre, successively or simultaneously, poet, philologist, orator, bibliographer, historian, soldier, journalist, ruler, always an ardent patriot, untiring worker, man of action, was born in Buenos Aires, June 26, 1821; banished by Rosas, he lived in Uruguay, Bolivia, Perú, Chile and Brazil, distinguishing himself as a journalist in each of these countries, as well as serving in the Uruguayan army (1838–1846), and in the Bolivian army (1847); he took part as a colonel in the events of 1859, defending Buenos Aires against the forces of Urquiza; upon the establishment of peace, he was made a brigadier general; in the contest between Buenos Aires and the rest of the

Exiled, prescribed by their country, the most conspicuous members of Argentine society thus, with such delicacy and such kindness, gave among themselves mutual support and mutual encouragement. Stripped of their worldly goods, they set their thought and their heart upon higher things. Their suffering made them great through the ages. They were even greater in those moments of adversity than they were when, triumphant, they reintegrated the patria, organized it, gave it unity and realized thus their chimerical dreams.

Posterity has consecrated the work of the exiles. "Mármol," according to an expression of Mitre's,² "marched at the head of the phalanx of poets who dedicated their songs to the patria." For his patriotic and disinterested action, for what he strove for and suffered, he is worthy of the heartfelt homage of posterity. To-day, when the first centenary of his birth is completed, his memory receives the first consecration. Our prayers are that his people may translate it into an enduring homage.

provinces, he overthrew the troops of the president, Dergui, and was elected to the presidency, with enormous benefits to the country. In the war of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay against Paraguay, Mitre was made commander in chief. Later, he again occupied the presidency for a short time, until he gave way to Sarmiento. He died in Buenos Aires, January 9, 1906.

Among Mitre's many works, two stand out as of paramount importance: *Historia de Belgrano y de la independencia argentina* (3 volumes); *Historia de San Martín y de la emancipación de Sud América* (4 volumes). Two important institutions owe their origin to him: the newspaper, *La Nación*, and the Museo Mitre, with its invaluable library.



NEUTRALS AND INTERNATIONAL LAW¹

BY

FRANCISCO LEÓN DE LA BARRA

The speaker points out the extensive modifications required in the interpretation of international law, as it affects neutrality, occasioned by the methods of attack in the present war; he says if we "estimate the number and importance of the rights of neutrals recognized by belligerents, the degree of progress in international law in this historic moment, will be perceived"; he emphasizes the difference between the attitude and will of the two great groups of powers at present in conflict; he calls attention to the increasing weight and insistence of international public opinion, and he lays particular stress upon the "imponderable elements;" he holds that "the modern conception of the law of nations demonstrates that the principle of interdependence of states every day dominates with greater power the relations between them," that, inasmuch as the "material, economic, political, financial and moral forces" of the world are mobilized, neutrality is impossible; and he believes that "there should be assembled after the war a congress of the wisest statesmen to draw up the *Magna Charta* of the civilized world, in which there would be a proper recognition of the vitality of the principles that have served for three centuries as the basis of international law, and a determination of the modifications that ought to be made in the application of the principles."—THE EDITOR.

WHEN we are entertaining ourselves by reading one of the most profound and ingenious books ever written by a human being, *Don Quijote de la Mancha*, we not only admire the beauty of this distinctly national work, which may, at the same time, be deemed universal, on account of the true and wholesome breadth of its philosophy of life, but also the depth revealed to the reader, delightfully surprised at times by abundant precepts and teachings on subjects that seem foreign to the history of the Knight of the Sad Figure.

Thus, going over the admirable address of don Quijote to the goat-herds, upon arms and letters, may be noted the influence that the great writers on international law—forerunners of Grotius—Baltazar de Ayala, Francisco de la Victoria and the Italian Gentili, exerted upon the human spirit at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Cervantes does not quote these authors, nor does he mention this branch of law; but two phrases of the discourse are sufficient to make clear the spiritual conquest achieved by these writers.

After three centuries of determined effort, *savants* and statesmen seemed to be satisfied with the work accomplished, deeming it solid and strong, when the great war broke out.

On seeing that it began with two flagrant violations of law, two violations of fundamental and sacred principles, humanity asked itself with anguish if the laboriously erected barriers would be able to resist the ferocious attack of base passions and sordid interests, or if this formidable assault would cause the patiently erected walls to crumble, thus destroying the most precious victories of law.

No, gentlemen; law—it must be repeated firmly and without ceasing—can not perish: the violation of law is not its negation. The barriers resist the attack, because they are founded upon eternal principles. The servers of law pursue the noble task of their predecessors, modifying, it is true, the application of its principles, according to the necessities and teachings of this period of crisis, but maintaining them inviolate in their essentials.

Let us now read again, as an imperishable maxim, confirmed by recent events, the words of don Quijote, the old paladin that the knowing ones held in contempt:

Letters say that without them arms could not be upheld, for war also has its laws and is subject to them, and laws fall within the

¹Originally delivered as a lecture before the Faculty of Law of the University of Paris, under the auspices of the Committee for the Defence of International Law, and slightly abridged by *Colección Eos*, from which the translation was made.—THE EDITOR.

province of letters and the lettered. To this, arms reply that laws could not be maintained without them, because by means of arms republics defend themselves, kingdoms are preserved, cities guarded, roads protected, seas cleared of corsairs, and finally, if it were not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, the highways of the sea and of the land would be subject to the severities that war brings in its train, while it lasts, and has a license to use, according to its privileges and its powers.

This is the solemn truth. For the defence of right, laws ought to proceed in harmony with arms: for force without justice would be tyranny, and justice without force would be the impotence of good in the presence of evil.

The political problems of law that have arisen in the present war in respect of neutrality—I speak now of ordinary and temporary and not of extraordinary and perpetual neutrality, which will be the subject of special observations—are so grave and transcendent that upon their solution will depend the answer that must be given to the question which the eminent statesman, Mr. Elihu Root, raises in his recent work: *The New International Law*. After the war, he says, the civilized world will have to decide whether the law of nations ought to be considered as a simple code of international etiquette or as a body of laws that imposes duties and consecrates rights.

In our view, the reply admits of no doubt for those who study in the records of the past the historical laws that ought to be applied in the future, as we look upon the history of the law of nations as a torch set at the portals of the future, the darkness of which it seeks in part to dissipate.

In all the sciences there are cardinal points whose special progress is a sure sign of the general progress of the science in question. Neutrality enjoys this distinction and plays this part in international law, to such an extent that the following truth could be enunciated in the form of an aphorism: Estimate the number and importance of the rights of neutrals recognized by belligerents, and the degree

of progress in international law, in this historic moment, will be perceived.

Against the value of this aphorism an objection may be made: How can this rule be applied, and what result can be obtained by it in the present case, in which each of the groups of combatants employs different methods: one group of them being prompt to recognize the rights of neutrals—as the Allies have done—and the other, slow to recognize them, and the violators of international law, as the Central empires have been? The answer is not difficult: in this situation itself, created by the two opposing methods, is found the indication sought for, which will permit us to judge, not only of the present scope of the law of nations, but also of the defects recognized in it, if the state of the case, exactly as it is presented to our consideration, be compared with the measure of law that ought to exist through the application of the principles of contemporary knowledge.

This doctrine of the evolution of the rights of neutrals, which has changed its passive condition into the present active state, will be accentuated in the future for the furtherance of justice and for safeguarding all legitimate interests.

Let us now study the present situation of the neutral nations. Hardly had the war broken out when it was to be clearly seen in the declarations of neutrality put forth by the powers during the month of August, 1914, that few changes with regard to the past had taken place in the judgments that had inspired them. Nevertheless, after the Russo-Japanese war many and very profound modifications had supervened, both in the material and in the intellectual, moral and political realm. New inventions for the destruction or the defence of man were then genuine triumphs in the art of war, which seemed, as has been said, "like a kind of diabolical mirror that reflects the victories of civilization inverted." Man can fly freely and safely, and he can submerge and travel beneath the water, thus enormously extending his field of action for attack and defence. New moral forces, that every day have greater influence in human

societies, begin also to manifest themselves in the society of nations. Diplomacy (and I make this observation on condition of explaining myself later with greater precision) changes its methods in the direction of clearness and of the protection of national interests, and, above all, more and more is to be noted the preponderance of another factor that the eminent Nys has pointed out as an effective element in sanctions: a factor that at every moment is becoming more important and definite. It has been said, and with reason, that at the side of the twenty personages who took part in the congress of Berlin, in the grand *salon* of the Radziwill, in 1878, there was a twenty-first participant, invisible and but slightly consulted in the past, but who made its influence felt in the decisions of the assembly—*public spirit*. Public opinion, more clear-seeing than it is generally believed to be, more generous than is supposed, is one of the imponderable elements of which Bismarck spoke in his discourse of 1888 before the Reichstag. Very opportunely M. Louis Renault has recalled it in the masterly lecture he gave at the opening of the course in 1915. The Iron Chancellor said for the information of his successors, who either did not believe him or did not comprehend him:

If we were the aggressors, the weight of the imponderable elements, much more important than the weight of material force, would pass to the side of the adversary whom we should attack.

These changes in the condition of the world, and others equally transcendent in economic and political affairs, complicated the problem of neutrality at the beginning of the war. The rights of non-combatants were already recognized by the modern laws of nations in the following form: during war the nations have all the rights they enjoy in time of peace, without other limitations than the duty of non-participation and impartiality which international law imposes.

If, however, the altered condition of the relations between states, from the last war until 1914, was considerable, the changes brought about by the present

war have been even greater. In fact, the events of supreme importance for the world that have taken place during the thirty months of the war would be sufficient to fill the history of an entire century. The statesmen who signed the declaration of neutrality in 1914 were able to comprehend that the rules which had been accepted for half a century or more, those established nine years ago (by the conventions of the Second Hague Conference), and those of seven years ago (in the Declaration of London), ought to be modified, inasmuch as they fail to meet fully the new requirements. Nevertheless, it is necessary to distinguish between the modifications that ought in justice to be made, since it has been impossible to apply the ancient laws, the alteration of which was made in accordance with the spirit that inspired them, and the other changes in international law and practice that ought to be condemned clearly and energetically.

A typical example of the difference in criterion between the two groups of the present belligerents is furnished by the form and extent of the rights of blockade and its results. Phillimore holds, in accordance with Grotius, Bynkershoek and Vattel, that there is no right whatsoever between those who contend as belligerents so clear and indisputable, so just and necessary, from the practical point of view, as the right of blockade. According to the Declaration of Paris, the essential condition of blockade is that it shall be effective, and so it was recognized with even more precision by the Declaration of London, in determining that "the blockade shall be limited to the ports and coasts of the enemy, or to those occupied by him." Both belligerents have broadened these spheres of action; but while the French and the English governments, in their declarations of March 1, 1915, recognized that "the first duty of the captor of a merchant vessel is to submit the case to a competent prize court, in order that the regularity of the capture may be judged and estimated, to the end that neutrals may recover their goods, if it shall be their right," the German government made known in its memorandum of February 4

of the same year, "that beginning with the eighteenth day of the same month its navy would attempt to destroy any enemy merchant ship that should be found within the war zone (which zone comprised, according to the document, all the waters that surrounded Great Britain and Ireland), *without it always being possible to avoid the dangers that threaten persons and merchandise.*"

In the attitude of the French and English governments there may be observed a modification of the old regulations—not of their fundamental principles—rendered necessary by the methods and resources of modern naval warfare; while in the decision of the Imperial government is shown a forgetfulness of the principles that are the very foundation of international law. The Central empires, in the present form of submarine warfare, hold that there has been a disregard: first, of the distinction between belligerents and non-belligerents, which M. A. Pillet considers the corner-stone of the laws of war; and, second, of the existence of prize courts—useless for the Germans, since their submarines torpedo and blindly destroy both neutrals as well as enemies, non-contraband merchandise as well as articles that constitute contraband of war.

In these delicate transactions the Allies have shown their desire, supported by deeds, of reducing to the smallest minimum the disturbances caused neutrals by the "measures," according to a phrase of the note of the French chancellery cited, "regardful of the laws of humanity and the rights of individuals, which have been adopted by the allied governments of France and Great Britain, without exceeding their strict rights." Compare, gentlemen, the attitude of the Allies in naval warfare with that of the German government, which threatens all neutrals, not only in respect of their property, but also in respect of what they hold most sacred, next to honor—life itself.

Up to this point I have considered certain problems of ordinary and temporary neutrality that are intimately connected with the rights and duties of neutrals; and I have selected an example that clearly

manifests the necessity of modifying the rules of the laws of war, holding in respect the fundamental principles of science, but also taking into account the unforeseen novelty of universal circumstances.

Many other problems interest neutrals and belligerents alike, such as the application of the theory of a continuous voyage, of which I have spoken incidentally, as also the rules that govern contraband of war. The very number of these questions proves that we live in one of those solemn moments of universal history similar to the epoch of the English revolution, the days of the French revolution or to the wars of independence of the American republics. Each one of these events has opened new and vast horizons; every one of these crises has given precise form to the latent aspirations of humanity, for a long period felt in a vague and confused manner.

Whatever may be, however, the importance of the problems I have just pointed out in the related life of nations, there are others, even more grave, since they affect not only the bases of international life, but also the very existence of states.

When the war broke out there fell upon the world a great silence of feverish waiting. Both groups of adversaries were known: one of them was organized for a long and carefully prepared assault; the other was proud of the nobility of its cause, and it was capable of the most admirable initiatives. The world asked itself with the kind of uncertainty which oppresses the soul, when, where and with what result the first encounter of the Titanic forces that were coming together would take place.

In the midst of this great silence that harbingered the storm, in the moment in which all the other noises of the earth seemed to be extinct, there fell two clear and precise sounds: the voice of the invader of Belgium, confessing the violation of the faith of treaties, under pretense of necessity; and that of King Albert I, proclaiming his respect for the law of honor.

Afterward there came the brilliant series

of manifestations of heroism on the part of the French army, which placed in evidence, in this struggle that awaits an Aeschylus to sing it, the magnificent recourses of which an entire people, conscious of its strength and the justice of its cause, is capable.

The first violations of international law—the invasion of Belgian territory and of that of Luxembourg—aroused among neutrals a feeling of absolute and general reprobation. In order to reach this conviction there was no need to wait for proofs, since the German government itself gave them spontaneously and without any possibility of controversy.

The attack of the Central empires had begun with two flagrant violations of international law, of the collection of precepts that states have voluntarily accepted as a guaranty of their own rights and as a ground for the employment of their force. There is a work that may be considered as final on this subject, and which we owe to an authority universally recognized as one of the most respected internationalists, M. Louis Renault, published under the title: *Les premières violations du droit des gens par l'Allemagne*. There might be added to this study certain new details, or it might be amplified at special points, but it will always remain as one of the fundamental treatises upon the subject.

The modern conception of the law of nations demonstrates that the principle of interdependence between states every day dominates with greater power the relations between them. So are seen, especially in the present war, the power of this principle and the extent of its applications. Some years ago the neutral states might have remained as simple spectators of the drama during the struggle, if they were geographically remote from the battlefields; but in the great war, which has mobilized the material, economic, political, financial and moral forces of every kind, the reverberations of the terrible conflict fill the entire universe, and the peoples most remote from the scenes of combat have not been able to escape the influence of these tragic events.

In the midst of this confused state of material and moral forces at war, there is a fact of exceptional importance that powerfully attracts my attention. It seems to me (perhaps because of a special tendency of my spirit, yet no, but rather of the common aspiration which unites us to those who hold law in reverence) that, above the consideration of the material interests that suffer through the war, there is the fear, on the part of the neutrals and the Allies, that the fundamental principles of law may be weakened, producing in consequence, according to the opinion of many, an unfavorable change in the tendency of humanity.

Let us cast away, however, this fear, and let us share in the belief expressed by the prediction of William Edward Hall, in the preface to his book, *Law of Nations*,¹ published in 1889:

If, in the next war, we should be called upon to regret serious infractions of law, the result will be an energetic reaction that will give greater force to international law.

This idea, the power and exactitude of which German thought comprehends, induces your adversaries to discuss ceaselessly two phrases they would wipe out at any price:

Treaties are worthless scraps of paper.

Necessity recognizes no law.

These words, however, are unalterable: they are too profoundly engraved upon the souls of men to disappear from their memory.

Why?

Because the sentiment that condemns them runs parallel with the primary idea of right. I always remember, from the first readings of my youth, the passages of the Iliad in which shone, amid scenes of blood and slaughter, one of those gleams that seem to dart from the depths of the human soul.

When Agamemnon takes the gods to witness, in celebrating the treaty between the Greeks and the Trojans, he translates a general aspiration into a solemn form of invocation:

Jupiter, who governest us from the summit of Mount Ida, great and most illustrious, a

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

Sun that sees all and hears all; and you, Rivers, Lands, Divinities, who in Hades do punish every man that falsely swears, be ye our witness, and guarantee the faith of this our oath.

Has not this faith in an oath, this confidence based upon the enduring character of treaties, been for centuries well nigh the only manifestation of international law?

This faith destroyed, law lacks the foundation on which it rests, and the neutrals have at once felt it to be thus. However, the violations of right, even in the present state of international law, which has not yet been able to establish efficient sanctions, do not take place with impunity; public opinion stigmatizes them, and with so much force in this case that the energy which has been manifested among the neutrals may be cited as an example of the effectiveness of the operation of the "imponderables" spoken of by Kant as a philosopher, and by Bismarck as a man of action.

This opinion, wholesome and general, asks the violators of law what application they have made of the principle enunciated by the author of the *Critique of Pure Reason*:

Act always in such a manner that the rule of every act of thine may be proclaimed the universal law.

The violations of law I have mentioned were followed by others: the destruction of merchant vessels by means of torpedoes, the loss of life by non-combatants, the deportation of Belgian and French citizens who were strangers to the war, in opposition to all law and even to all considerations of international comity.

I speak as a neutral, in order to judge of events without passion, and with the serene spirit that ought to preside over studies of this character. I would not have my judgment disturbed either by my deep commiseration for innocent victims, or by the pain caused by the undeniable violations of the law of nations.

This group of facts to which I have just alluded has served to start in America the reaction referred to by Hall, and which has produced an energetic and

wholesome movement in favor of law. In my opinion, this is the opportune moment to declare and to reassert our faith in law as the most essential element in the life of humanity.

The failure to recognize this would be equivalent to a step backward in the road of progress, to tearing out the most beautiful pages of the history of mankind, to forgetting the efforts that terminated in the creation of Roman law, the victory of *Magna Charta* in England, the redaction of the code of Napoleon, and the recognition of the principles that constitute modern international law.

Let us affirm therefore our confidence in law, which offers protection to every man from his birth and to every group since society was organized, and which extends its benefits to the great aggregations of civilized states that form the society of nations. Individual and collective crimes in no way diminish our respect for penal law. In like manner, the violations of right ought not to weaken our faith in international law.

Is it not true that in the hour when an epidemic decimates any region we have immediate recourse to the aid of science, and that at such a time it is called blessed, and the names of those who, by their studies, their discoveries and their spirit of abnegation have contributed to overcoming the evil, are covered with benedictions?

The history of humanity indicates the new routes which mankind ought to follow, and it moves us to prepare them at once by applying the teachings of the past to this useful labor. In this undertaking the most urgent part consists in giving concrete form to the fundamental principles of the society of nations.

What changes are necessary in their application, in the light of recent experience?

In my opinion, there should be assembled after the war a congress of the wisest statesmen to draw up the *Magna Charta* of the civilized world, in which would be a proper recognition of the vitality of the principles that have served for three centuries as the basis of international law, and a determination of the

modifications that ought to be made in the application of principles.

I think the codification of international law will follow a plan whose starting-point will be the acceptance of certain elementary principles, briefly and clearly stated (as has been done by the American Institute of International Law in the five Declarations of Washington, which sum up the essential rights of states), and the addition of a few rules of application, without entering into too minute details, as these will be determined later by national laws and regulations.

This work, which is one of urgent necessity, has already been begun, as the eloquent efforts realized in the New World testify. To understand the importance of this undertaking, it is only necessary to consult the work of señor don Alejandro Álvarez, entitled *La grande guerre européenne et la neutralité du Chili*, in which the author expounds, with all the authority of his name, the noble initiatives taken in this direction by the governments and learned societies of America, and in which he gives, gentlemen, a splendid example that is, at the same time, an effective stimulus. Who will not recognize, after reading this book, the foresight of the government of Chile, and its profound respect for law. From the time the German government decreed and proclaimed the blockade of the French and English coasts by means of its submarines, Chile deemed it necessary that there be created a league of all the neutrals to safeguard their rights, the recourse of which ought to be, according to the instructions sent to the ambassador in Washington, the closing of the ports of America to every warship guilty of an infraction of international law.

In this example is visible the sometimes imperative necessity of shaping law so as to forestall events.

Thus, I conceive international law to be a living entity that must proceed in conformity with progress. Its fundamental principles are fixed and eternal; its applications ought to be plastic, adapting themselves properly to the diverse necessities of the times; for in law there happens something similar to what takes place in languages and their evolution.

When Leibnitz wished to create a "philosophical" language, the structure of which would be algebraic, and which would reduce reasoning to calculations, his chimerical scheme was qualified by himself as Utopian, because thought does not lend itself to rigid and immutable forms. The same is true of law: it must live and be malleable; it must adapt itself to the ever-varying problems and necessities of human development.

In the presence of the sad spectacle of the war, and in accordance with the ideas that I have set forth, what ought to be the part played by neutral states? It seems to me that this is already determined with clearness. There is a very evident danger, for weak states, above all, because of the want of guaranties in international law. To avoid this grave evil, it is necessary that international law be reaffirmed—and it could not be, if, in these historic moments, there were a cessation of the energetic and harmonious efforts that may cause it to triumph.

In view of the extent of the present cataclysm, many put to themselves the question: "Are there still neutrals?" Yes; from the political standpoint, for there are neutral nations that ought to continue in their present state; but not from the point of view of the general interests of each state, for both the powerful states and the weak ones are affected by the war, the outcome of which can not be indifferent to them.

The present war is to be considered as a struggle of psychological elements, according to what Doctor Gustave Le Bon has made clear; and in it we ought to regard the principles of law as entities closely connected with the realities of life, and not as fancies that appear for a while merely to vanish later.

What method shall determine the codification? Will it be the method indicated by the American Institute of International Law, with "the Rights of Nations,"¹ of January 6, 1916, as its basis, or will the conception of the future held by Philip Marshall Brown, in his work, *International Realities*,¹ prevail?

Whatever the method adopted, we are

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

unquestionably face to face with the problem of codification for the same reasons that I set forth in 1906, in the preface of the work of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, entitled *For Arbitration*,¹ and, some months afterward, before the committee on the codification of law in the Pan American conference at Rio de Janeiro.

If, however, these problems are to be the subject of investigation and determination in no remote future, there are others, those relating to neutrality, that neutrals ought to study. Events march so rapidly that it is necessary to substitute the imperative *Carpe horam* of Mantegazza for the *Carpe diem* of Horace.

The immediate danger that I have indicated ought to be foreseen. The violations of law that have taken place constitute a remote danger for some, a more pressing one for others, and for all an evil that ought to be prevented by rapid and effective means.

Up to the time of my delivery of this lecture, the only nation that has made a solemn and general protest against the violation of international law is Brazil.

The deportation of non-combatants from their country in Belgium and northern France has given ground for serious representations on the part of the government of the United States, and to energetic steps by the Netherlands.

The loss of Spanish merchant vessels, torpedoed by the Germans, has deeply stirred that noble and valiant people, which feels wounded in its interests, as well as in its sense of national dignity.

The situation of the world demands the discovery of an immediate remedy for these grave evils, and certain voices of Latin America have individually and collectively responded to the call by favoring an understanding upon this subject among the interested peoples.

In the lecture I had the honor to give in Lyons during the "Latin-American week," I was glad to make a plea to the neutrals to remedy the evils I have pointed out. To-day I venture to renew and to insist upon it.

The league of neutrals ought to leave

outside the subjects of its study the question of peace, since the Allies have declared that they will settle directly with their aggressors. Also, for the same reason, it concerns them only to decide what will be the opportune moment for assuring, with all the necessary guaranties, the reign of law and respect for their rights.

There remains therefore for the neutrals the question of neutrality. A conference called by the head of a neutral state, in which the representatives of interested peoples might exchange impressions, not to arrive at the celebration of treaties, but to arrive at a common understanding upon the different questions, would be a useful innovation in diplomatic practices that might produce a tangible result. To achieve this, it would be necessary to determine in advance what is desired, and to desire what is possible.

This union would develop a great influence, which, addressing itself to what concerns the defence of the interests of the civilized world, would serve at the same time to give greater efficacy to the fulfilment of the duties of neutrals.

The head of the state that should take the initiative in this congress *sui generis*, if I may express myself thus, would be worthy of all praise for his love of the cause of justice and civilization.

From this gathering of eminent men, as I explained in Lyons, law would emerge more vigorous; interests would be more amply guaranteed; and, as a consequence, the principles that constitute the most brilliant victory of humanity would attain greater respectability in the eyes of all men.

If the evils that the terrible war has produced have been very great, it must be recognized that it has caused the entire world—and perhaps also France herself—to behold a better and a more beautiful France than the one we knew and admired.

At the call of the nation in danger, all the ardor that glows in the depths of your hearts—often unrecognized—has burst into flames. These flames have mingled their light and their heat, causing their latent power to enter into action; and, under their sweet and powerful influence,

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

we have seen the incomparable unity of thought and feeling with which soldiers, scholars, statesmen, laborers, and even your women, at home, in the camp, in the factory, brave and animated by the spirit of self-sacrifice, have given the world a very rare example of the most splendid valor: that valor which, according to the famous phrase, constitutes the best eloquence, the eloquence of character.

The whole of America has felt this impression, and even your own adversaries have had to bow before these qualities.

Await then the result of the struggle with the greatest confidence, *since right battles for you as you battle for right.*

Right, in truth, carries on for you everywhere the most useful propaganda, as it shows that you are inspired by the loyalty proclaimed by Grotius in the last chapter of his immortal work: *De Jure Belli ac Pacis*. "Only by loyalty," he says, "can peace be preserved among men. If this treasure be lost, loyalty and loyalty alone can recover it."

America has recognized the seal of this personal and civic virtue upon your deeds, and by it you have won in greater measure the sympathy you already possessed, thanks to the influence of French culture upon the spirit of Latin America. This wholesome influence has been exercised not merely in the literary field, but also in the scientific realm, and, in an especial manner, in our juridical conceptions, as the learned dean of your Faculty of Law in Paris, M. Larnaude, explained in a masterly way in his vigorous and beautiful lecture given in Lyons during the "South American week."

To you, gentlemen of the Committee for the Defence of International Law, which, under the leadership of an eminent man, unites the professors of international law of all the universities of France; to you, I address an expression of my very sincere thanks for the great honor you have conferred upon me to-day.

I warmly applaud your efforts, which respond to the stimulus of two sacred sentiments: love for your country and love for the noble science that you teach. This committee, created during the war, ought to continue its labors even after the war shall terminate.

Persevere with all your heart in this work, because it is meritorious at all times and in all places to make truth and justice known and loved.

If a while ago there occurred to my memory the recollection of the prayer of Agamemnon, I can do no less, in concluding, than to recall another passage from the Iliad, the application of which to present events is manifest in an impressive manner. The Greek poet says:

The more prudent of the Trojans feared the anger of the gods. "We fight," said sage Antenor, "after having violated our plighted faith; meseems naught of good can befall us."

He was listened to by his fellow-citizens, the violators of law, and it was decided to offer peace to the Greeks, who did not accept it.

Well you know, gentlemen, that the war continued and to which side victory inclined.

This is a happy augury for those who to-day uphold the cause of right.



SPEECH AND SILENCE

BY

JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN

A disquisition, in a style very characteristic of the author, in which he not only commends silence as probably conducive to discretion, but also as a means of gaining esteem and of having weight, while, at the same time, he recognizes that even silence speaks, that character expresses itself in many other ways than through speech, and, finally, that mature and purified speech is the supreme and ultimate expression of personality.—THE EDITOR.

I

SOMEBODY (perhaps it was I myself) once said: I have never repented of having kept silent; and how often have I not had to repent of having spoken!

Either I am much mistaken, or the majority of people will say in their heart the same thing or something similar. It is a fact.

In harmony with it is the profound utterance of Kempis: "Said one: 'How often have I been in the midst of men, and made myself less of a man.' This is the way we feel every day when we talk too much."

We have also the saying of Pascal: "Very often all a man's troubles spring from his not being able to remain quiet in his room." La Bruèyre tells us that "all our evil proceeds from our not being able to be alone: whence gambling, dissipation, wine, woman, ignorance, evil-speaking, envy, disregard of self and of God."

Finally, Solomon, in the Book of Proverbs: "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction."

Well and good: it is proper now to learn, yes or no, what ought to be deduced from such judicial observations, or, more properly, the ideal or norm of conduct that they all suggest to us.

II

Shall we adopt the purpose of interposing silence between ourselves and other men, refraining from speech always, or whenever it be possible?

It is easier, as Kempis himself says, to

keep silent always than it is not to run to excess in words.

This is very true: it is more easy for some; less difficult for others. How well we understand the extreme relativity of this case. It is as easy for a loquacious man to be loquacious as it is for a silent man to be silent. "We hope," says Carlyle, "that we Englishmen shall preserve for a long time *'notre grand talent pour le silence.'*"

Our great talent for silence! The talent is nothing else in this case, as I conjecture, than temperament, idiosyncrasy, disposition, or whatever you wish to call it, formed by manifold causes: it is the basis of character, and it ought not to be confounded with character itself, which is energy of disciplined will. Upon disposition or temperament the will exercises its action: if the latter dominates the former, we have character; if the former dominates the latter, we have mere passion.

But it is not always in our power to follow the easier way: what is most contrary to our genius or personal tendency is binding upon us at times.

"It is not always a question," says Pascal, "of examining to see if one has a vocation for retirement from the world, but rather whether one has a vocation for remaining in it. In like manner, one does not hold debate with himself as to whether he is called upon to depart from a pestilential or burning house."

III

Silence then, not being left to our determination, shall we incline to the celebrated aphorism of Fichte: "Let us tell the truth, even if the world sinks!"

I, for my part, can only say that I have always found him merely emphatic. Of what truth is this man speaking who makes so great an outcry? Perhaps of the opinion that each one forms regarding this or that thing? We should be in a fine state then: the whole world would sink several times a week, if not several times a minute, and we ought to be pleased that the equilibrium of the planets does not depend upon the truth spoken or left unspoken by the inhabitants of our planet. It is not such a great thing—let us say, this globule of clay of ours illuminated by a sun.

A discreet author of our region of the río de la Plata, who has just written a book, counsels us: "When we feel the necessity of saying something that we believe favorable to the progress of ideas or to the recognition of truth, we ought not to remain silent; as it is better to expose ourselves to the censure of others than to our own contempt."

I do not see very clearly the wisdom of this counsel either. It is indisputable that a man of truth ought to fear his own censure rather than that of another; but it is not a question of that, but of knowing precisely whether keeping silent always leads to self-disdain, by the mere fact of keeping still, when we feel the necessity of saying something that we believe to be favorable to progress. As for me, I am persuaded that nothing has more hindered the progress of ideas and made more skeptics than the improper defense of truth and its proclamation without rhyme or reason.

If any importance be attached to Alfred de Vigny's opinion, a literal reproduction of the English: "*Seul le silence est grand; tout le reste est faiblesse.*" And if we are to take into account the impression of Emerson, we ought to have little faith in the efficacy of human speech. "Destiny enters so much into life," he says, "so much irresistible impulse or temperament, and of unknown inspirations, that I doubt if we are able, out of our own experience, to say anything useful to any one." This doubt has not prevented Emerson, let it be said in passing, from teaching us many things,

some of them useful, without a doubt, and a few harmful, in several volumes of fine print.

As for me, I am going to say what I judge to be not wholly useless for my fellow-creatures concerning this intricate subject.

IV

The respect and appreciation that a man has for himself can be measured by the regard he has for his own utterances. "Nakedness of soul," according to Bacon, "is not less indecent than nakedness of body; a little reserve and circumspection in words, behavior and acts will elicit respect." And the Book of Proverbs says: "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

The tongue of man, says another, is a sacred organ; and man sets himself forth in philosophy as speech incarnate.

He who lavishes and wastes his words despises them; and he who despises his words belittles himself. He, however, who withholds his words from avarice or egotism, perhaps because what we have said is no longer ours, and because what only one knows always has greater value—this economy of the soul is not always a virtue, and may well become a vice.

Speech is *par excellence* constructive of human society, and it is also *par excellence* destructive; it is the element that unites and harmonizes souls by truth and by love, and the one that separates and disconcerts them by falsehood and hatred; it is a title of glory and it is a title of dishonor; it is a good archangel on wings, and it is also the most baneful of the creatures that fly. He who wounds with the tongue, says Saint John Chrysostom, makes a deeper wound than he who wounds with the teeth." "A few words worthy of recollection," says Joubert, on the other hand, "may be sufficient to enlighten a great spirit."

Man, a plant that speaks, emits in words the subtle essence of himself from which is formed the moral atmosphere we breathe, as a plant gives its mysterious emanation to the physical surroundings upon which we are nourished, in the same

way as things impart their color to the universe we see. Color, some one has said (if I do not remember ill), is the spirit of things. A man, like a plant, like things visible, emits more or less of his spirit in his speech, according to his own character or personal qualities. There are men who do not speak, as there are flowers that have no odor; there are people who are almost invisible, as there are colorless things that are confused with the medium in which they exist, with the earth and the sky and other things. There are some men, on the other hand, who are seen and heard, because by nature they are luminous and sonorous.

However, just as the visible man is not wholly prevented from hiding himself by avoiding the discord of his being with the surroundings, so the invisible man can never be so invisible as to make the envelope of his spirit completely impenetrable: it is transparent, to a greater or less degree, but it is always somewhat so. Also a man shows through the chinks of his exterior. To think is to live; to live in the sensible world, is to burn, to sound, to be tangible or palpable. Only the dead are invisible: death is nothing else, in brief terms, than ceasing to be visible.

Emerson tells us that Confucius exclaimed: "A man conceal himself! How is it possible for a man to conceal himself?"

"Thoughts," he says elsewhere, "come to our spirit and issue from it by portals that we have never left open voluntarily."

Social environment is formed of this life of spirits: they are the "innermost word," and they have inevitably endless perceptible emanation in the infinite ether.

What is important then for a man, both in his own interest and in the interest of others—which at length reflows also into him—is not so much to imprison his

speech, which, like his look, his attitude or his environment, is the form of the emanation of his thinking and affectional being, as it is to see to it that the formation of what his being emits, in any manner whatsoever, shall become a beneficent plant.

"If you do not wish it to be known that you have done a thing," says Emerson, "do not do it."

There is an effective means, it seems to me, of speaking without having to repent of having thought, imagined, felt, desired. There is a proper way not to feel less of a man for having been among men: to be an intense man, deeply rooted in one's self, as much the master of his roots as of his leaves and flowers. There also exists a means of not leaving one's room: to go out with one's room and all, to be one with it, to live in it perpetually, like a snail.

Create silence then in your thought, and you will have it in your mouth; create it in your imagination and your looks will be silent.

It is not right therefore to shut yourself in with a double key; you must venture to come out of yourself, if you are to live a human life. It is well to fare you forth; and do not absent yourself too much; never let yourself be lost to view. Live in the presence of yourself, and above all, in the presence of the Lord your God. Set a sentinel upon your thought; put a bridle upon your fancy; do not leave it alone; let it not give birth to wild creatures that may bring you dishonor; always have a light kindled in your heart, in order that your desires may not take form in obscurity, like poisonous fungi.

And then speak to your fellows according to your character.

Not only is silence great: much greater is the silent and well-nurtured word.



OLMEDO

BY

CÉSAR E. ARROYO

A biographical study of one of the greatest of the South American poets, with sufficient allusion to events in the struggle for independence, in which he played a prominent part, and to other notable figures connected with it, to supply the historical background and to relate him properly with his period.—THE EDITOR.

THE epoch of Spanish independence and the epoch of American independence—the latter the result of the former—were, in the realm of thought, like fiery and fruitful tempests that, wiping out the old, the artificial and the effete, caused the budding of a new and fair florescence of life and art.

The rosy dawn of the nineteenth century was reddening the historical horizon; a cyclonic and vivifying wind, issuing from the formidable upheaval consequent upon the Great Revolution, involved the world, jarring queued heads and fructifying them with the germs of new ideas; sweeping away the affected and delicate Watteau figures; snatching from the hands of poets their fragile bucolic flutes and sistrums; and changing them into the epic trumpet and the black lyre of bronze which, to the rhythm of burning hearts, vibrated back in the time of Tyrtæus. The Spanish people, dizzy, leaderless, yet feeling in the depths of their consciousness the divine sense of patriotism and the sublime intuition of sacrifice, snatched up arms to conquer their liberty, and they sang their struggles, their defeats and their victories through the mouths of their great poets, Quintana and Gallego, in Spain, and José Joaquín de Olmedo in America.

These poets, however, were revolutionary in substance and classic in manner; they were unable to break away from dogmatic prejudice, from the bonds and precepts of form that continued to shackle their inspiration, limiting its flight and crippling the spontaneousness of the singers of all liberties. In their environment there still persisted an aftermath of the period of decadence that had preceded the

heroic achievements; for all epics are preceded by periods of decadence, in which the life that is about to burst forth seems to be refined and subtilized in the soft and somewhat morbid langor of all refinements. It would be easy to present here many historical instances: the Hellenic decadence that preceded the Roman conquest; the Roman decadence that preceded the barbaric invasion; the French decadence that was the prologue of the Revolution; even the marvelous decadence of the Paris of the twentieth century, during the fourteen years prior to the apocalyptic tragedy which, with hypertrophied sensibilities and astonished souls, all have witnessed. Here we wish only to indicate how one such decadence, that of the last years of the eighteenth century, was reflected in art, communicating to it its mannerisms, its affectations, its artifices, which burst out in the social and political sphere with the Revolution, and in the literary and artistic sphere, somewhat later, with the glorious epiphany of Romanticism that appeared like a sun, and reading the clouds of Germany, continued triumphantly to illuminate all the vast and limpid sky of western civilization.

Quintana, Gallego and Olmedo were poets of the transition between the vagaries of the eighteenth century, portrayed in Meléndez Valdez and Cienfuegos, and the romantic explosion of the first half of the nineteenth century, which culminated in the Duke de Rivas, Espronceda and the great Zorrilla. By classic temperament, education and taste, the former were carried away by the flamboyant era, and they were the ones who, in the Spanish language, beyond and on this side the seas, were the singers of

independence. The study of these poets has already been made and exhausted; and it would be a pretension, bordering upon folly, for me to attempt to say anything new about them at this advanced period, and to such a public as that which reads this review.¹ Moved by a sentiment of patriotism, I shall only evoke Olmedo—the study of whom also is exhausted—to bring him forward in his triple character of a good and wise man, an eminent creator of states and the lyric celebrator of heroes and liberty.

The starting-point of this evocation goes back to the year 1757, in which Captain don Miguel Agustín de Olmedo, a Malagan *hidalgo*,² embarked in Cádiz to go to fill the office of *administrador* of the royal revenues in Panamá. Removing a few years later to Guayaquil, he established himself definitely there, and he came to occupy the chief positions of the city: syndic, mayor and the head of the *cabildo*.³ This don Miguel Agustín, whose fortune and position had become assured, contracted matrimony with doña Ana Francisca Maruri, of one of the families of best lineage in the place. Of this marriage were born a son and a daughter.

The older of the children, José Joaquín de Olmedo y Maruri,⁴ for whom was reserved so lofty and immortal a destiny, was born on March 19, 1780, in Guayaquil, which then formed a part of the ancient presidency of Quito. The boy could have been hardly more than ten years old when his father took him to the college of San Fernando in Quito, directed by the Dominican fathers, where he studied the

humanities and Latin. When he finished his course there, he was taken to Lima, under the care of his relative, Bishop don José V. Silva y Olave, to enter the college of San Carlos, where the youth distinguished himself so much by his talents and his fine qualities that, at the age of twenty, he became professor of philosophy, after having triumphed in repeated contests. Soon afterward he passed to the celebrated university of San Marcos,¹ obtaining in 1808 the title of lawyer, and being included in the faculty of the university as professor of the Digest, by the unanimous election of the instructors. Later he had his title confirmed at the university of Santo Tomás de Aquino, and he was admitted as a professor of the college of Lawyers in Quito.

At this time the academic training of Olmedo terminated. His culture was deeply laid, his spiritual superstructure extensive and sustained by solid foundations, and his scientific and literary equipment of the best quality. The formation of men thus—of true masters, such as Olmedo, Bello, Espejo, Mejía, Caldas and a hundred others, born and educated under the colonial system—is the living and palpable proof of the flourishing state in which Spain maintained culture in the world she discovered, conquered and civilized, so contrary, in its honorable reality, to the legend of backwardness, obscurity and ignominy that bad faith, passion and ignorance have forged about those times which were a period of preparation and formation, and which, as such, must needs be silent, slow and difficult.

The considerable poems of Olmedo that belong to this first period are entitled: *El árbol* (The Tree), *A un amigo en el nacimiento de su hijo* (To a Friend upon the Birth of his Son), and *A la muerte de la princesa de Asturias* (In Honor of the Death of the Princess of Asturias). In them are in germ, in bud and in flower, the magnificent impulse, the gifts of the sovereign poet that shone in his future songs. In 1810 he was elected deputy for Guayaquil to the celebrated constituent

¹*Revista de la Sociedad Jurídico-Literaria*, in which the original of this article was published.—THE EDITOR.

²Said to be derived from *hijo*, son, and *alguno*, some one or somebody, so that *hidalgo* would mean, son-of-somebody. Compare English *parson*, from Latin *persona*, the parson being the *persona ecclesiae*, or representative of the church. *Hidalgo-a*, as an adjective, is equivalent to knightly; as a substantive, it is variously used in application to persons of noble and distinguished family, or of fine and generous qualities.—THE EDITOR.

³Municipal corporation, one of its meetings, or the place where it meets.—THE EDITOR.

⁴Maruri was the maiden surname of his mother; the surname of the mother's family is often attached to the surname of the father, with or without the conjunction *y* (and).—THE EDITOR.

¹Founded in 1551, and the oldest American university that has had a continuous history.—THE EDITOR.

Cortes that met on the island of León, and which continued their sessions at Cádiz, where Olmedo arrived in 1811, taking a seat in the great assembly, of which he became the secretary and a member of its permanent committee. Olmedo, whose talents and faculties impelled him along paths other than those of parliamentary eloquence, did not distinguish himself by the brilliancy of his utterances, like his glorious companion of Quito, don José Mijía y Lequerica, the deputy for Santa Fe, and whose ardent words of love for liberty and democracy resounded so many times triumphant, worthily rivaled those of Argüelles and Muñoz Torrero, in the august precincts of this memorable assembly. Nevertheless, Olmedo took part with success in several discussions, always maintaining with entire loyalty his liberal ideas. To his initiative and intelligent endeavor was due in large measure the abolition of the kind of forced labors, which, under the name of *mitas*,¹ the Spanish administration imposed upon the ultramarine provinces. He also belonged to the commission that proposed and obtained from the court the annulment of the treaty celebrated between Napoleon and Fernando VII, imposing on the monarch the duty of swearing to and complying with the constitution of the state. The Cortes, dissolved on this account, and absolutism reëstablished, with all its abuses and excesses, there began the prosecution of the deputies who had upheld liberal ideas in the Cortes. For this reason Olmedo was compelled to remain hidden in Madrid for some time, until at length he succeeded in leaving Spain, and in reaching Guayaquil in 1816.

José Joaquín de Olmedo, whose signature appears at the end of the famous constitution of the year '12, the year in which the present constitutional system of Spain originated, belonged to the exalted group of the immortal legislators of Cádiz. By reason of this also he would be a glory to Spain, if he had not been so because he was born a Spaniard and sang in the Spanish language the achievements

of the race with a spirit and tone equal to those of the greatest bards of the Hispanic Parnassus.

From 1809, the year in which the heroic and legendary city of Quito launched the first cry of independence on the continent,¹ revolution was aflame in all Spanish America. The movement was at first timid, vacillating and subterranean. Much more often defeated than victorious, the American partisan warriors did not relax in their endeavor to win self-government. When the design of that valiant and peerless dreamer named Miranda² failed, and the arduous enterprise of creating new nationalities seemed unattainable, there appeared upon the vast and convulsed stage of austral America a genius whom humanity needed in the culminating and decisive moments of its history: Simón Bolívar, who incarnated in his gigantic and manifold personality all the longings for freedom and all the anxieties for vindication held by peoples who desired at any cost to possess an independent land, and who, not satisfied with emancipating the soil on which they were born, undertook to accomplish, in a campaign of epic proportions, the undreamed-of enterprise of liberating a great part of the New World, the territory that to-day constitutes five autonomous and sovereign states.

The resounding echo of the victories of Bolívar, and the love for liberty which it had always felt, caused the city of Guayaquil to proclaim its independence on October 9, 1820. It elected Olmedo to the exercise of the first authority with the title of *jefe político*.³ The following month, the responsibilities of office seeming to be too heavy a burden for his shoulders, as he must rule over a people just emerging into citizenship, and in an epoch sufficiently agitated and convulsed, he proposed to the popular assembly that it elect a council of government. This was done, and, as a result, Olmedo himself was chosen as president. With him were elected as members don Francisco Roca

¹Tributes imposed by the colonial Spaniards upon the Indians, or by the Crown upon the provinces in proportion to the numbers of Indians.—THE EDITOR.

¹Meaning, of course, South America.—THE EDITOR.

²See page 192, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

³See page 194, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

and don Rafael Jimena, who were backed and sustained by the vital forces of the city.

Guayaquil, hardly born into independent life, was beginning with weak and faltering steps to tread the path of liberty. All was indecision and disorientation in those first moments. The opinion of the inhabitants was divided as to the fate that ought to fall to the city. Some were partisans of annexation to Colombia; others favored joining with Perú; some believed that it ought to constitute itself a state with only the province of Guayas; and others that a republic ought to be formed from the three great *departamentos* of Guayas, Pichincha and Azuay, corresponding to the one that was set up afterward and exists to-day with the name of Ecuador. This last opinion was held by Olmedo, whose love for his native city was in his heart a profound, intimate and never-veiled sentiment. The Liberator, Simón Bolívar, was at that time in Pasto, fighting resolutely, not only against the Spaniards, but also against the creoles themselves, who had rejected the new régime and set themselves stubbornly to continue to be colonists. After Bolívar had sent in aid of Guayaquil and Quito a veteran battalion under the command of the great General Antonio José de Sucre,¹ a hero without blemish and without stain, the purest personality of American independence—aware that this precious fragment of Colombia was about to escape him, he

went in person to Guayaquil. With his dominating genius he imposed his will upon all, and, without the loss of a moment, he proclaimed the annexation of the city to Colombia, giving orders to set up the tricolored flag in the principal plaza and at the entrance of the harbor.

In order to appreciate at its great and just value this act of Bolívar's, which consolidated the integrity of the Colombian territory, now wholly free, thanks to the great victory obtained by Sucre and his forces in the foot-hills of Pichincha,¹ in sight of the city of Quito, on May 24, 1822, it is necessary to bear in mind that the city of Guayaquil and its province, on which so many covetous eyes had always been fixed, constituted one of the richest and most marvelous localities of all tropical America. The traveler who comes from the south, coasting along the Pacific ocean, after experiencing the anguish of the Peruvian shores, the desolate steppes, the desert and thirsty sands, is suddenly overwhelmed when he enters the gulf of Guayaquil. The scene changes as by enchantment. For the tedious monotony of the coast, outspread and bare beneath a chastising sun, is substituted a magic panorama, full of light, exuberance, fecundity, color. There it is that you behold *Virgin America*, clothed in the riches of gala attire: green islands that seem to be the floral offering of the continent to the sea; shores clothed with thick and luxuriant forests; a broad, murmuring river on which ride hundreds of vessels of every kind, laden with the precious fruits of which the generous tropical nature is so prodigal. The breeze is soft and saturated with sylvan perfumes. In the radiant, indigo sky revolves the sun of Ecuador.² Following the course of this river upstream, beneath the enchant-

¹General Antonio José de Sucre, the Grand Marshal of Ayacucho after this celebrated battle, was born in Cumaná, state of Bermúdez, Venezuela, in 1793, of a noble and wealthy family; at the age of eighteen he served in the army of General Miranda; he played a brilliant and effective part in many of the succeeding battles, and he was made a general at the age of twenty-six; thenceforth he was almost always victorious. He drew up the constitution of Bolivia, and was created president of this republic for life. After many vicissitudes and disillusionments, one of which was his inability to be chosen to the presidency of Colombia, upon the recommendation of Bolívar, because he was under the required constitutional age of forty years, he was assassinated on the Popayán road, near Venta, on his way from Colombia to Quito, June 4, 1830. He ranks as one of the greatest generals of the New World. A statue at Quito honors his memory; the ancient city of Charcas (1536), called also Ciudad de la Plata, now one of the capitals of Bolivia was changed in his honor after Ayacucho, and in his memory the monetary unit of Ecuador, corresponding to our dollar, is termed *sucre*.—THE EDITOR.

¹A volcanic mountain of the Andine cordillera in Ecuador, seven miles northwest of Quito, with five peaks, of which El Guagua has an altitude of 14,859 feet, and El Rucu, of 14,697 feet; on the skirts of these mountains the memorable battle of Pichincha was fought, May 24, 1823, between the allied patriots under General Sucre and the Spaniards and loyalists, in which the patriots won an overwhelming victory, thus opening the gates of Quito and the way to Perú.—THE EDITOR.

²Meaning: the sun of the equator, as well as that of Ecuador.—THE EDITOR.

ment of the splendid equatorial pomp, after a few hours of navigation, one arrives in front of the city of Guayaquil, which outlines its white and airy silhouette, cut by a forest of masts, against the varied gamut of the verdant fronds and the burnished azure of the firmament. Toward the north, in the distance, like a white phantom piercing the clouds with its brow, Chimborazo raises superbly its hoary head. It dominates the scene, like a tutelary and inaccessible divinity, unique, great and enduring, that eternally watches over the safety of the state.

The affair of government concluded, Olmedo set out for Lima. There he was elected a deputy to the constituent congress that met in the City of the Kings, in September, 1822, and the one that produced the first Peruvian constitution. In it Olmedo took a most important part, since it was he who drew up the plan for this political charter.

The same constituent congress resolved in 1823 to summon Bolívar to the assistance of Perú, which, in spite of the heroic efforts made by the illustrious General San Martín, the strong Spanish army, commanded by General Canterac, still held a good part of the country in its power. Olmedo was chosen to go to Quito, where Bolívar was at that time, to solicit his definite assistance in behalf of the Peruvian cause.

The memorable interview between the two great men was cordial in the extreme. The poet, magistrate and legislator, addressing himself to the genial soldier, said to him, among other things: "All, señor, are elements that but await a voice to unite them, a hand to direct them, a genius to lead them to victory. All eyes, all prayers, naturally center upon your Excellency." "Señor deputy," replied Bolívar, "I long for the moment to set out for Perú; my good fortune assures me that soon I shall behold fulfilled the prayer of the sons of the Incas, as well as the duty which I have imposed upon myself of not resting until the New World shall have cast into the seas all its oppressors." So, in truth, it came to pass. The Liberator who had already emancipated the peoples that to-day constitute

the republics of Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador, and who had sworn not to rest until he should behold all America free, desired nothing better than to fly toward the south. He therefore accepted at once, and with the greatest willingness, the invitation that was given him, so much in accord with his designs, setting out immediately for Perú, where he assumed the title of dictator, taking the supreme command of the patriot army, which in the celebrated and glorious campaign of Junín and Ayacucho,¹ the former directed personally by Bolívar, and the latter by Sucre, sealed forever the liberties of Spanish America.

With these memorable actions the heroic cycle of the world of Columbus closes. The struggle, always earnest and valiant, was noble on both sides. Loyal and knightly war left behind it neither conquerors nor conquered. When the echoes of the final clamors of the struggle died, and the last blaze of the conflagration was extinguished, there remained no embers of hatred for adversaries of former days in the lands of America, which continued to be as Spanish as ever. The only change made was in the political regimen; but naught was blotted out, nor was there any deflection of the course of a priceless civilization, against the continuity of which none made or attempted to make assault. The more we examine these historical events, in the light of modern investigation, the more are we convinced of the truth of what is affirmed by historians, thinkers and sociologists of different countries, when they assert that the war

¹The name of a *departamento* of Perú and its capital city; on the plains of Ayacucho, before the village of Quinua, twelve miles from the capital, was fought, December 8, 1824, the momentous battle that terminated the struggle for independence in the west: the united patriots, said to have numbered 5,780 officers and men, completely routed the Spaniards and loyalists, placed at 9,310, captured most of their arms, ammunition and supplies and took 3,000 prisoners (according to Spanish accounts). The patriots were commanded by Sucre, and the Spaniards by La Serna, the viceroy of Perú, and generals Canterac and Valdés. Even the viceroy was taken prisoner. So great was the scandal of this surrender that in Spain the generals and other officers who capitulated were called *ayacuchos* in derision. As a result of this battle, Spain recognized the independence of Perú, and shortly afterward that of the other South American countries.—THE EDITOR.

for American emancipation contained in it all the elements characteristic of civil wars.

The heroic struggle for independence, and the political and military genius that achieved it, found in Olmedo a worthy singer. Of all the poetical compositions that sprang from the heat of this fiery period in which the destinies of a world were decided, the only one of them that remains and will remain with an enduring esthetic value is the famous poem of José Joaquín de Olmedo, entitled *La victoria de Junín—Canto a Bolívar* (The Victory of Junín—A Song to Bolívar), an epic piece of marvelous spirit, of purest classic mold and of great consistency and elegance in technique. The victory of Junín inspired it, and it was amplified to the noble proportions it boasts when the poet learned the definite and glorious result of the battle of Ayacucho. This literary monument, the most splendid and enduring of the songs that have been dedicated to Bolívar and to the heroes of independence in the New World, dates to the year 1825. It is the most celebrated and popular lyric of Spanish America, and it has been studied here and elsewhere by the most eminent masters of literary criticism of the past century, from Bello to Menéndez y Pelayo. The first and the best judge of this work, however, was the heroic protagonist of the poem, Bolívar himself, whose universal and Protean genius comprised, as it seems, the most dissimilar and opposite knowledge.

In 1825 Bolívar, wishing to use Olmedo's great powers for the improvement of these new countries, confided to him, along with don José Gregorio Paredes, a delicate and highly important diplomatic mission to the government of Great Britain. In the capacity of diplomatic agent of Perú, Olmedo, upon whom the latter country had conferred the rights of a Peruvian by birth, set out for London, where he accomplished his difficult mission in the admirable manner to be expected, fulfilling the hopes placed in him by these people and by the Liberator, who, in committing the responsibility to him had communicated to him the following words in writing:

I doubt not that you will worthily discharge your mission in England: so much have I believed this, that, having cast my eyes over the Empire of the Sun, I found no other diplomat who would be capable of representing Perú and of negotiating for her more advantageously than yourself.

The stay of Olmedo in England was of great interest for Spanish-American letters. While there he gave to the press the second and final edition of the *Canto a Bolívar*, undertook the translation of the celebrated epistles of Pope, and, above all, he became personally acquainted and contracted an intimate acquaintance with don Andrés Bello,¹ who at that time resided in the city upon the Thames. Olmedo and Bello, born the same year, one in Guayaquil and the other in Caracas, were the two great poets and masters of the epoch in South America, the precursors and sowers who initiated the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century in this part of the world. Profound likeness in tastes, character, education and tendencies united them, and several dissimilarities completed them. Both were notable patriots, both had a solid foundation of classic culture, both were of gentle, serene and moderate temperament. Bello, how-

¹Andrés Bello: a man of letters, philologist, jurisconsult and statesman, was born in Caracas, Venezuela, November 29, 1791; he studied in the convent of La Merced, the seminary of Santa Rosa and the university of Caracas; from childhood he delighted in reading the Spanish classics; he began his career as a private teacher, numbering Bolívar among his pupils; his acquaintanceship with Humboldt broadened his horizon; for a while he was in the government service as a secretary; he earnestly and ardently espoused the cause of independence, and was sent by the *junta* of Caracas, with Bolívar and López Méndez on a mission to London in 1810; in 1823 he was one of the publishers of *Biblioteca Americana o Miscelánea de Literatura, Arte y Ciencias*; for some time he was the secretary of the legation of Colombia in London; he left there in 1829 to accept the invitation of the government of Chile to become the first official of the ministry of foreign affairs. Chile became to him a second patria, where much of his activity was manifested and whose intellectual development he influenced profoundly; he was the first rector of the university of Chile, and he edited the Chilean civil code, promulgated, December 14, 1855. He died on October 15, 1864, in Santiago, leaving a name venerated throughout Spanish America. An idea of his versatility may be formed from the fact that among the dozen or so volumes that make up his works figure the *Filosofía del entendimiento* (Philosophy of the Understanding), *Poesías* (Poems), *Gramática castellano* (A Spanish Grammar), *Derecho internacional* (International Law).—THE EDITOR.

ever, was the sweet singer of peace, and Olmedo the fiery singer of war. The former intoned a hymn to the agriculture of the torrid zone,¹ while the latter hurled the thunder of Junín. The subjects of their major poems could not have been more opposite; but their eminently classic form was the same. Both were steeped in Virgil and Horace and in the Spanish classics of the golden age.

From London, Olmedo went to Paris. He then opened with Bello an assiduous epistolary correspondence that lasted until the death of the bard of Guayaquil. This correspondence, which was noted, commented upon and published by don Miguel Luis Amunátegui in his *Vida de don Andrés Bello*, could not be either more interesting or more beautiful, since it discloses, by showing them in the intimacy of their confidences, two great and noble representative spirits, and it throws much light upon certain traits, otherwise obscure for lack of data, of these two American figures of first magnitude.

Because of the nobility, beauty and sincerity with which these letters were written, and because of the interesting information they contain, we should be glad to reproduce at least portions of some of them; but the space granted us does not admit of these transcriptions. I shall mention in passing only the elegant epistle in *tercelos*,² addressed by Bello to Olmedo, which begins thus:

I needs must, dear Olmedo, tell thee ever
That when bereft of the sweet consolation
Of thy tender friendship, live I can never.

This poetic missive was answered by an affectionate and effusive letter in which the other illustrious author, in homage of whose friendship these *tercelos* were written, wrote, referring to them:

I prefer them, to speak with frankness, to the best selections from the *Argensolas*.³

¹*La agricultura de la zona tórrida*, generally considered Bello's greatest poem.—THE EDITOR.

²Hendecasyllabic tercets.—THE EDITOR.

³The brothers, Lupericio Leonardo de Argensola (1563–1613) and Bartolomé Leonardo de Argensola (1564–1633), both born in Barbastro, Spain, poets called the "Spanish Horaces," distinguished for correctness of style, good taste, harmony of versification and sound judgment.—THE EDITOR.

There is nothing comparable to the eulogy of the singer of Junín. This is the true way to praise. . . . Who can bear a direct and brazen adulation, and who can resist that which comes in a circuitous and timid manner, as modest as a virgin who desires and can not express her passion, but who wishes it to be divined?

And sighing for the cherished wavelets
Of thy Guayas—will Guayaquil some evening,
Rather than him of Junín, invoke thy lyre.

Yes, friend; there is nothing comparable to this delicacy. A hundred times I have read these verses, and every time they delight me more. And what shall I say to that friend

Who at sight of me will feel a deeper pleasure
Than his face will then be able to reveal?

It is beautiful to contemplate in the appealing vagueness of historical retrospects how, while in the isolated regions of America archaic systems were falling and new countries were rising, far away two masters of thought, sons of these lands, as if not to let the literary process or the chaste tradition be interrupted, were writing in the same immortal language of the classic Castilians. A highly favorable companionship was this of the two peerless writers and patricians. An illustrious Spanish man of letters was right in comparing this friendship of Olmedo and Bello with that of Goethe and Schiller, in the studious and romantic Germany of other years.

At the end of three years, Olmedo returned to Guayaquil, his diplomatic mission being terminated. Shortly afterward difficult and painful days begin for the country. First, it is Perú that invades the territory of Colombia, being severely repulsed by the forces of General Sucre, who wins over the invaders the victory of Tarqui.¹ Almost immediately the Great Colombia, the creation of the genius of Bolívar, is divided to form three independent states: Venezuela, Colombia and

¹A battle fought, February 27, 1829, in the sad period of strife that befell the northern states after gaining their independence, on the pleasant plains of Tarqui, between the Colombians, under Sucre, and the Peruvians, who hitherto had held Colombia subject, in which the Colombians won a complete victory; the battle terminated the war, a treaty being signed at Guayaquil on September 22 of the same year. The standards taken at Tarqui were presented to Bolívar at Quito.—THE EDITOR.

Ecuador, more or less as they exist to-day. Sucre, the grand marshal of Ayacucho, the heroic, the victorious, falls assassinated in a treacherous ambushade, in the dark and tragic wood of Berruecos, the fourth of June, 1830, as he journeyed toward Quito, after having attended the congress of Cúcuta. Bolívar was wounded to the soul by the perfidy that laid low the most illustrious of his generals, and which, on that baleful night, had even lifted the assassin's blade against the very breast of the father of the patria. Saved miraculously, however, from this monstrous attempt, thanks to the calmness of a woman who adored him, he was stricken in his body by a serious illness, which undermined his extraordinary constitution that had withstood such immense effort during a life more intense, troubled and fruitful than most lives recorded by history. After beholding with inexpressible bitterness and profound dejection the futility of his work, he exclaimed regarding it: "I have plowed in the sea," and he expired facing the ocean, at the age of forty-seven years, at the country seat of San Pedro Alejandrino, in Santa Marta,¹ December 17, 1830. Tranquil, majestic, serene, the Liberator of a world passed into immortality. His last words had been of pardon, pity and love for his compatriots. "My prayers," he had said in his touching farewell to the Colombians, "are for the felicity of my country. If my death contributes to causing parties to cease, and to consolidating union, I shall descend to the sepulcher in tranquillity."

Gone forever the fathers of the country, the eponymous heroes—the Liberator, and the most generous and pure of his lieutenants—their peoples fell a weak prey to rude and ambitious military chieftains who beat the drum with the fate of these nationalities that bled and destroyed each other in fierce and passionate intestine strife. In the obscure and agitated arena of these struggles the most noble and precious victories of civilization, democracy and law have often been at the point of destruction.

Then was initiated the era of tragic outbreaks, insurrections and feeble revolutions: evils from which even now these nations are barely freeing themselves little by little.

Ecuador being separated from Colombia, its destiny fell into the hands of General Juan José Flores, who was born in Venezuela and who had distinguished himself in the war of Independence, a brave soldier, ambitious in the extreme, not wanting in natural talents, but without culture or education sufficient to organize and direct the initial impulses of a nation. Flores was proclaimed the first president of Ecuador, and Olmedo as the first vice-president. Olmedo had participated in the constituent assembly that met in the city of Riobamba and dictated the first constitution of Ecuador, he being one of its redactors, as he had been before of the constitution of the year '12 in Cádiz, the Guayaquillian constitution of October 9, 1820, and the Peruvian constitution of 1825. In the government, Flores represented force, and Olmedo intelligence. A very short time did these two elements subsist in power side by side. The vice-president resigned almost immediately, accepting in turn the governorship of the province of Guayas.

Against the military regimen of General Flores there broke out in 1833 a formidable revolution which the president, at the head of the constitutional army, set out to combat in person. The two armed bodies came upon each other at Miñarica. After a desperate and heroic fight, worthy of a better cause, the revolutionists were completely overthrown and dispersed, leaving on the battlefield more than a thousand dead. General Flores achieved a complete and decided victory, since by it the revolt was extinguished. Although at bottom right and justice were on the side of the rebels, a good part of the public opinion of the country were with the government, which, even if it was true that it represented a militarist system, it was, in point of fact, the constituted and established order. The people, who knew how to suffer and keep silent, were now weary of uprisings that remedied nothing and that on the morrow of victory and the

¹In the *departamento* of Magdalena, Colombia.—
THE EDITOR.

acquisition of power would fall into mistakes and abuses equal to or worse than those they had set out to oppose.

The rapid and almost lightning-like destruction of this revolution was agreeable to many of the patriots. This campaign filled Olmedo with so much enthusiasm as to inspire him to produce what is perhaps his most rounded and perfect composition, the prodigious hymn *Al general Flores, vencedor en Miñarica* (To General Flores, the Victor at Miñarica), whom its gifted author came to reprobate, when, ten years later, he, the poet, appeared as one of the leaders of a revolution that broke out in Guayaquil on March 6, 1846, and which triumphed, thus bringing into power a triumvirate composed of Olmedo, don Vicente Rocafuerte and don Diego Noboa.

This political inconstancy and his having employed his splendid gifts to sing in praise of a lamentable fratricidal feud have often been censured; but how in justice can a poet be accused of inconsistency when his voluble and impressionable spirit, the sport of all the winds, is subject to every change and a prey to every influence? Poets, the ceaseless searchers after emotion, are weathervane spirits, at the mercy of every passing current. They are not only different from, but they are completely opposed to, those rectilinear men, inflexible and of a single piece. As to the subject, what difference does the subject make? In art, the theme is perhaps the least important of all: the mark of genius is in the mode of development, of execution. "Velázquez," says that great don Miguel de Unamuno yonder in Spain, "took as the subject of one of his paintings the *Bobo de Coria*, and he immortalized both the fool and Coria." The same was true of Olmedo. He took, as the hero of one of his grandest poems, Flores, a valiant and ambitious soldier, but nothing more; he immortalized him, and this leader, the obscure and tragic battle of Miñarica serving him as a background, will live in the memory of men while the Spanish language lasts: such is the magic virtue that the creative art is able to bestow.

In the presence of the convention that gathered in Cuenca, the members of the triumvirate declined office. It fell to the lot of this same assembly to elect a constitutional president of the republic. The votes were centered on the candidates Olmedo and Rocafuerte, and Rocafuerte was elected by a majority of one vote. This was the triumph of the militarist over the civilian, of force over intellect.

At this difficult historical moment, in which all the violent passions were let loose upon the nascent republic, it was considered by the majority that, without overlooking the great worth and the high political gifts of Olmedo, his exultation to office would be unwise, because the country, convulsed and given over fully to a regimen of force, needed the iron hand of a soldier like Rocafuerte in order to make progress. Who can tell how far the Ecuadorian legislators of that time were right? Rocafuerte governed in the midst of a very whirlpool of molten passions and unbridled ambitions. In these circumstances, it is not venturing too much to suppose that the gentle and scholarly leadership of Olmedo would have succumbed; or, it may be that, with the prophetic vision of his stroke of genius, he would have been able to free the republic of militarism and lead it along nobler and more tranquil paths. At all events, Ecuador would have had the honor of being able to include among its presidents one of the most celebrated American figures.

The new president charged Olmedo with the mission of securing from the Peruvian government the remains of La Mar, the hero of independence, and the first president of Perú, although born in Ecuador. Olmedo went to Lima in compliance with this pious mission, and this task, which failed of effect, was the last he undertook in the service of his country. Upon his return to Guayaquil, stricken now to death by an incurable and cruel disease—an intestinal cancer—the great man died on February 17, 1847, at the age of sixty-seven years, surrounded by his wife and children. From 1817 he had been united in marriage with a very noble lady, doña Rosa de Icaza, who was the mother

of his three children: Rosa Perpetua, who died as a child, and Virginia and José Joaquín, who survived their illustrious father by many years.

This elevated spirit, being released from the fragile flesh, failing now, weakened and in pain, the illustrious name of José Joaquín de Olmedo, great among the greatest of the Spanish-Americans, enters into immortality. Perú and Colombia consider him as a glory of their own; the New World that speaks Spanish recognizes and proclaims him as one of its greatest masters; Spain, upon the authority of the highest critical judgment exercised by Valera, Cañete and Menéndez y Pelayo, sets him upon the same plane as Quintana; and Ecuador, the true land of Olmedo, venerates his memory, and she takes pride in him as one of her purest and most legitimate glories.

On reaching, in the course of the narrative, the inevitable and fatal bounds of death, the biographers of Olmedo have sometimes been divided, in accordance with their religious ideas. While some affirm that he received, with unctuous piety, the last sacraments, others deny it, asserting that the poet, who doubted and showed Voltairian tendencies in his sonnet upon the death of his sister and in some of his last letters to don Andrés Bello, passed tranquilly, without any kind of religious confession, into the *Beyond*, the obscure enigma of which so much preoccupies and disturbs us. We think, however, that upon the serene level of respect and tolerance for all the philosophical ideas and religious sentiments that we have reached, there can be no significance attached to an act that falls within the domain of the inner judgment of human beings, beyond the threshold of which it is lawful for no one to go.

We therefore pass over this consideration, and in order to bring this sketch

to a close, let us rather fix our attention upon the physical aspects of the patriot bard, since it is always agreeable and interesting to contemplate the portraits of the honored figures of other epochs, ennobled by the incrustations of time. In appearance, Olmedo was a man who partook very much of the eighteenth century—polished, distinguished, elegant, without being fastidious. His hair was brown; he had a broad, full forehead and penetrating eyes; but why should we go on sketching his figure with our clumsy strokes, when he himself painted it for us with a master hand, in 1803, in a dexterous, enchanting and airy self-portrayal dedicated to his absent sister, a very jewel for vivid grace, fine drawing and brilliant coloring, which appears in the collections of his few but admirable poems.

Such was the man, great among the greatest of his century and of his race. On account of any of his varied aspects he would be celebrated with a perennial and luminous celebrity in the annals of this our prodigious and tumultuous America. In another paper we shall undertake to study his position in the history of Castilian poetry and the value of his work, as the reflection of a critical and memorable epoch, and as a splendid contribution to the literature of an entire continent.

Author's note: This modest essay was written for the Spanish public, in compliance with an effort at Ecuadorian propaganda to which we had devoted ourselves in Spain; and, as we say at the end, it comprises only the first part of a more extensive work upon Olmedo. In giving the foregoing pages to the press, upon the invitation of our colleagues, the directors of this Review, it is fitting to acknowledge that, in the biographical portion, we have followed principally don Clemente Ballén, whose preface precedes the edition of Olmedo's poems published in Paris by Garnier Frères, and don Manuel Cañete, who gives to the study of our great poet more than half a volume of the *Colección de escritores castellanos*.



FRENCH DIPLOMACY IN LATIN AMERICA

BY

CARLOS A. VILLANUEVA

An historical study, based upon material hitherto unpublished, according to the author, which shows France in a new light, not only as the friend we have held her to be of the United States, but also of the other American countries, and, in some measure, an explanation of the enormous influence that French thought has exercised upon the peoples of the southern countries of this continent.—THE EDITOR.

I NAPOLEON

THE perusal of diplomatic documents reveals many interesting episodes for the history of relations between France and Latin America. There may have been between them some moments of discord, and we shall have to examine these with entire impartiality in the course of the present study; but it is clear that what is manifest always in these relations is a sincere friendship toward the new states that made their entry into political life, after a very long war of emancipation, relying, in Europe, upon England and France, and, in America, upon the United States. During the period when our international character was laboriously coming into existence, neither Austria nor Prussia alined herself with us. So marked was the indifference of these old nations toward their young sisters that, in 1824, Bolívar, supposing them void of all friendly sentiment, did not invite them to attend, with England, France, Holland and the United States, the Congress of Panamá, where the Liberator proclaimed that nations ought to settle their differences by the peaceful means of arbitration. Without doubt, he had in mind the Latin-American states only, but it is none the less true that he was the first person in diplomacy who had spoken of arbitration. Thus Bolívar anticipated, by almost a century, the Hague conferences.

Under these circumstances, Latin America, owing nothing to the Austro-Hungarian and German empires, it is

natural that, from the very beginning of the present war, in which Berlin was the aggressor, our sympathies should go out to the friends who presided over our birth.

We shall not discuss at this time the unfriendly or indifferent attitude of Austria and Prussia toward us. We wish only to call to mind some details of the American policy pursued by France. We shall see how the psychological forces of France and America have conspired, unknown to themselves, to determine the famous "point of contact," which, in the spirit of Bolívar's doctrine, ought to guarantee the equilibrium of the Latin-American political world. This "point of contact" is Paris. Impelled by mystical powers, France and America seek each other simultaneously in time and space; from Greece and Rome both have received the same civilization, and, as M. Léon Bourgeois has said, both endeavor to attain a common political and social ideal. As if this splendid scheme¹ of a Franco-Latin-American alliance, which, up to the present, has seemed to be only an idle fancy, born of our own imagination, had taken form in his mind, the eminent diplomat adds:

By their intimate alliance, the republics of the New World and France are to-day making ready a new human society, genuine and spiritual. The same idea animates them, the same conscience determines in them the will to live in common. They will prevail against destructive tendencies, against the forces of disruption, disintegration and death leagued against them.²

¹We have explained this plan in *Hispania*: London, December, 1914.

²*L'Information Universelle*.

A critical examination of the archives of the time of the Napoleonic tragedy in Spain, in 1808, shows that to imperial initiative is due the declaration of Bayonne, by which France granted to the Spanish colonies in America the same rights as to the Spanish provinces in Europe. Napoleon, having recognized Spanish America as a political entity, received in a body the deputies it had sent to the Spanish parliament of Bayonne. They testified, through the words of the celebrated Colombian, Doctor Zea, to the gratitude of the Americans, who no longer considered themselves Spanish.¹

In the following year, December, 1809, the emperor, in a statement to the legislative corps, proposes the absolute independence of Spanish America.² In 1811 he goes still further. After the declaration of independence of Venezuela, July 5, drawn up by the constituency of Caracas, almost at the same instant that the ex-king of Spain, Ferdinand VII, was celebrating, in the Château de Valençay, July 9, the birth of the king of Rome,³ and was declaring himself a subject of the French emperor,⁴ Napoleon proposed to the chancellery at Washington, not only to recognize the independence of the new American state, but also to help in maintaining it with arms, ships, troops and money.

II

LOUIS XVIII

THE disappearance of the empire of Napoleon did not involve that of France; under the régime of Louis XVIII, the latter continued to extend a fraternal hand to the young nationalities that were struggling to win their freedom.

¹See our essay entitled: *Les députés de l'Amérique aux Cortès de Bayonne: Bulletin de la Bibliothèque Américaine*, May-June, 1914.

²Compare our lecture at the Sorbonne: *Bulletin of July*, 1911.

³Archives Nationales, F7654, report of the governor of the Château de Valençay.

⁴Ibid: F. 7654, April 1, 1810, the Spanish princes celebrated at Valençay the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise. Among other festivities, there was a banquet in which the princes proposed a toast. Ferdinand VII drank to "our august sovereigns, Napoleon the Great and Marie Louise, his illustrious consort."

In 1822 we find Châteaubriand trying to negotiate with Canning for the formation of the new American states into independent kingdoms. This proceeding led to the celebrated conferences that were held in London between the French ambassador, Polignac, and Canning. The latter did not reject absolutely the project of American monarchies; but it was at length necessary to renounce it, primarily because Canning desired to permit only princes of the royal house of Spain to occupy the thrones of America; while the Americans were not willing that this should take place, as they preferred the absolute but indigenous monarchy of the *caudillos*. On the other hand, the king of Spain refused to consent to the plan, not seeing that it was perhaps the only means by which somewhat of his vast colonial empire might be saved. From what we can make out, the Spanish diplomats had an exact understanding of the question; but all their efforts were useless, in the face of the obstinacy of their ruler, who refused to entertain their idea, despite the untiring efforts of France and England.

Some years later, upon the death of Canning, Châteaubriand published in *Le Journal des Débats* an interesting account of his diplomatic rôle in the American question. The singer of *Atala*, the founder of romanticism, whose influence is still strong in American literature, explains himself thus:

In my opinion, the Spanish colonies would have gained much by forming themselves into constitutional monarchies. A representative monarchy, to my judgment, is a regimen far superior to republican government, because it destroys individual pretensions to executive power, and it combines order and liberty.

It seems to me still that a representative monarchy would have been more suitable to the Spanish genius, more adapted to the condition of people and affairs in a country where great territorial ownership prevails, where the number of Europeans is small, where that of the negroes and Indians is considerable, where slavery is the general custom, where the state religion is Catholicism, and, above all, where education is totally lacking among the lower classes.

The Spanish colonies, independent of the

mother-country, formed into large representative monarchies, would have achieved their political education, protected from the storms that might again disrupt new-born republics. A people that emerges suddenly from slavery, and rushes headlong into liberty may fall into anarchy, and anarchy nearly always ends in despotism.

If, however, there existed a proper system to prevent this discord, it would doubtless be said: "You have attained power: are you satisfied to desire the peace, welfare and liberty of Spanish America? Have you gone no further than sterile vows?"

Here I shall anticipate my memoirs and make a confession.

When Fernando VII was delivered at Cádiz, and when Louis XVIII had written to the Spanish monarch to induce him to give a free government to his peoples, my mission seemed to me to be finished. I had the idea of renouncing to the king the portfolio of foreign affairs, and of asking his majesty to present it to the worthy Duke de Montmorency. How much trouble I should have been spared! How much public dissension I should perhaps have prevented! Friendship and power would not have exhibited so sad a spectacle. Crowned with success, I could have retired from the ministry in the most brilliant manner to spend the rest of my life in tranquillity.

The interests of these Spanish colonies, of which my subject has led me to speak, have produced the last caper of my whimsical fortune. I can say that I sacrificed myself with the hope of assuring the repose and independence of a great people.

When I thought of retiring, important negotiations had been pushed very far; I had instituted some of them and I held the reins; I was forming a plan that I believed useful to the two worlds; I flattered myself that I had established a foundation upon which the rights of nations, the interests of my country and those of other countries, might rest. I may not explain the details of this plan, for reasons that may readily be perceived.

In diplomacy, a plan conceived is not a plan put into execution. Governments have their routine and their method; patience is required; foreign cabinets are not carried by assault, as M. the Dauphin took cities; policies do not move so quickly as the idea of glory fills the heads of soldiers. Contrary, unfortunately, to my first inspiration, I remained, in order to accomplish my task. It seemed to me that, having prepared it, I should be better acquainted with it than my successor. I feared the portfolio would not be delivered to M. de

Montmorency, and that another ministry would adopt some antiquated system for the Spanish possessions. I permitted myself to be deluded by the idea of affixing my name to the liberties of a second America, without compromising freedom in the emancipated colonies, and without endangering the monarchical principle of the European states.

Assured of the good will of the various cabinets of the European continent, with one exception, I did not despair of overcoming in England the opposition of the statesman who has just died; an opposition less his own than a part of the very badly understood commercial policy of his nation. The future will know perhaps the special correspondence that took place between my illustrious friend and myself on this important subject. As everything is linked together in the destiny of a man, it is possible that Mr. Canning, by associating himself with designs, after all but slightly different from his own, would have secured more repose and would have escaped the political disturbances that vexed his last days. Talents are rapidly disappearing; there is coming into being a miniature Europe, formed by mediocrity; to reach the coming generations it will be necessary to traverse a desert.

Be this as it may, I thought the administration of which I was a member would allow me to perfect a structure that could only do it honor. I naïvely believed the affairs of my ministry, in taking me abroad, would not set me in the path of any one. Like the astrologer, while I gazed at the heavens, I fell into a pit. England applauded my downfall. It is true that we had a garrison under the white flag at Cádiz, and that the monarchical emancipation of the Spanish colonies, through the kindly influence of the elder son of the Bourbons, would have raised France to the highest point of prosperity and fame.

Such was the last dream of my mature years: I believed myself to be in America, and I awoke in Europe. There remains to me to tell how I returned formerly from the same America, after having seen vanish equally the first dream of my youth.¹

III

CHARLES X

WHEN, in January, 1825, England recognized the independence of Argentina, Colombia and México, Charles X reigned in France, and his minister of foreign affairs, the Baron de Damas, was notified

¹*Œuvres de Châteaubriand*, VI, 219: *Voyage en Amérique*.

of the fact by the ambassador of his Britannic majesty, Lord Grenville.

Great was the surprise of the Holy Alliance at learning the decision of Canning; and if France had not interposed as mediator between England and the allies, war would have been inevitable, the bellicose suggestion emanating from the Prince von Metternich and reinforced, moreover, in Berlin by the Count von Bernstorff. France had recovered rapidly from the disasters of 1814, and from the vanquished of yesterday, she had transformed herself into the arbiter of continental politics. It was thus that, after difficult diplomatic negotiations, she succeeded in causing the Holy Alliance to accept the act of recognition without an interruption of peace.

Paris then proceeded in harmony with London. Thanks to this *entente*, it was a question of working in Madrid with a view to obtaining from Ferdinand VII, either by an act of European diplomacy or of Spanish politics, the recognition of the new states.

People only slightly familiar with the affairs of international politics still ask why France, which was allied with England for the recognition of the new states, did not at the same time set the example in such a recognition. The answer is simple: France was allied with Spain by a diplomatic act that we call *le pacte de famille*, by virtue of which the occupation of Spain in 1822 was authorized by French armies. The chancellery could not at once recognize the new states, without a previous agreement with that of Madrid, or at least not without having bent all its efforts to induce the Spanish monarch, as had been suggested to him at different times, to empower it to forestall him in this respect. On the other hand, France had always refused to lend her military coöperation to Spain with a view to aiding her in reconquering her American colonies. Every time the opportunity for this presented itself, she advised putting an end to the colonial conflict by diplomatic or political measures. It is a fact fully demonstrated by the instructions that the Baron de Damas gave to the French ambassador at St.

Petersburg, the Count de la Ferronnays, in December 1824,¹ and this is what one reads regarding the eventual recognition of the new states:

It is certain that France will not retract what she affirmed at Verona; but it is not less true that she can not fail to note a kind of precept for the changes which, in the political realm, frequently result in movements that lead to revolutions.

In reality, it is difficult to settle the terms of this precept, for it depends less upon the times than upon the general conviction about things; upon the particular situation of the country that desires to claim it; and upon the disposition of the powers among which it seeks to establish itself. All these elements have had their influence upon the Netherlands and the United States; but the political existence of these states does, in truth, date only from the time when they were formally recognized by treaties, or rather, guaranteed by them. There can not be a recognition "de facto," independent of a recognition "de jure." One may admit the existence of a state, one may even enter into commercial relations with it, or into any others that do not render necessary the signing of political transactions; but the moment the existence of a state be recognized by a formal and explicit act, law is added to the fact of recognition, and then there obtains the concert that admits it to the number of the members of the political society of nations, as it is considered qualified to share their prerogatives.

Opportunity has been taken to make known the fact that France was not disposed to lend to Spain her maritime and land forces, or the resources of her treasury, for the recovery of her colonies.

It is conceivable that France was not able to withhold her commerce from the American markets, while England and the United States were getting ready to exploit them by law and by treaty. So she declared to Spain her intention of trading with America; and she did in fact send commercial representatives to those regions, and she authorized the admission of new flags to French ports. Those of Argentina and Colombia were the first to flutter in the harbor of Bordeaux.

Add to this that the Catholic church

¹Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères: *Russie*, 1824-1825, N. 167.

had found itself destitute of ministers of religion in the new states, owing to the war, and that the archbishops and bishops had abandoned the miter. In the presence of so critical a social condition, France intervened with Rome that the Pope should nominate incumbents for the vacant sees. This was not an easy task, since the existing agreement between Spain and Rome gave to the Catholic king the right of guardianship over the Spanish church, which embraced also that of America. Rome could exercise no power in regard to these vacancies without the approval of the king of Spain, except by the recognition of the independence of the new states—a contingency it desired to avoid, fearing a rupture with Madrid; but at the same time it had to lend an ear to the claims of the independent governments, which, in case of a failure to settle the religious question, threatened to provoke a schism, such as had taken place in Chile, Colombia and México.

In a letter to the Colombian bishop, Mgr. Lazo de la Vega, Pius VII set forth his policy: "complete neutrality on the part of the Church in the struggle between the two parties, as each of them was Catholic." Since, however, Bolívar had opened negotiations with Rome, the Pope sought the aid of Paris in this difficult situation. Not only did the Baron de Damas secure him the assistance of the French chancellery, but he also obtained without delay the coöperation of all the parties to the Holy Alliance. In this way, thanks to the aid of France, that in the affair constituted herself the protector of the American church, as she was already of that of the Orient, the new pontiff, Leo XII, was able to enter into diplomatic relations with the new states, and, from this time forward, to name the archbishops and bishops of America, which was done in 1827. It might have been thought that it was the duty of the Holy Father to protect his church in America, before giving attention to any political consideration, as this question was, indeed, of a purely spiritual character.

From that time French Catholicism remained closely united with the American church; and, in spite of the changes brought

about by the philosophical beliefs of those who directed political affairs on one side of the ocean or the other, the essential Christian characteristics of the two societies, French and American, remained intact, as in the past. The episode of the worship of Reason, in 1792, was not able to create an atheistic France, because, as soon as the guiding spirits disappeared, the churches of Christ were reopened. The rupture between the church and state did not take place in the temple or in the home, but in the palace of the government. And even this strife has entirely disappeared in France to-day before the call to the *union sacrée*, and all men are fighting on the firing line, under the banner of Jeanne d'Arc the liberator.

About 1828, France realized the necessity of becoming separated from the reactionary policy followed by the Spanish king, Ferdinand VII, toward his former American colonies, and her commercial interests inclined her to recognize the new states. Besides, the colonies had now given many proofs of their ability to govern themselves and of their being worthy of the friendship of the ancient chancelleries.

The king of France, deeming it necessary to inform himself in a reliable manner regarding the conditions of their political stability, sent to Spanish America a mission intrusted to Charles de Bresson and the young Duke de Montebello. They accomplished their journey by passing through the United States, desiring first to discharge their mission in México; but, upon their arrival in New York, they learned that México was plunged in civil war, and they consequently decided to begin with Colombia, a country that attracted them by its beauty, and above all, by the presence of Bolívar. They were anxious to become acquainted with one whose name filled all the European chronicles. The arrival of the French mission at Bogotá gave rise to the project of establishing a constitutional monarchy in Colombia upon the death of Bolívar. They even went so far as to propose the kingship to the Duke d'Orléans. The monarchists of Argentina and Perú had already offered him the crown they sought to erect in these two countries respectively.

As to México, she always inclined toward a Spanish prince, and the *infante*, don Francisco de Paúle, whose resemblance to Godoy was held to be striking, was always a candidate for the Mexican crown.

The Colombian scheme was equally a failure.

Nevertheless, in 1830 certain European diplomats still believed in the possibility of crowning Spanish princes in America, as we learn from a conversation held in Madrid between the English and French ambassadors to Spain, Addington and the Vicomte de Saint-Priest. The Prince de Polignac, head of the cabinet and the minister of foreign affairs of France, no longer held to that point of view, although he had been one of the most ardent supporters of the scheme of American monarchies conceived by Châteaubriand. At this time, in March, 1830, his objection was that the Americans henceforth could only be ruled by independent governments, since they were definitely resolved to remain forever separated from the mother-country. In support of his theory, he recalled that even if the South Americans had at different intervals petitioned European princes to wield the scepter in the proposed monarchies, they had been unanimous in their declarations that Spanish princes would never be acceptable to them.

The following documents,¹ hitherto unpublished, will throw light on this point:

The Vicomte de Saint-Priest to the Prince de Polignac:

Madrid, January 14, 1830.

I am informed that a new expedition to America is under serious consideration; there is talk of an extraordinary draft of soldiers; there is hint of the choice of a general, and that the Marquis de las Amarillas and General Cruz may appointed as commanders; Habana is always to be the meeting-place of these forces; and every one must strenuously endeavor to collect the money necessary for the preparations. Without wishing to answer for the truth of these rumors, I have questioned

whether it may not have some connection with the sudden and inexplicable rise of Spanish funds in Paris. May it not be that they desired to increase their value by fictitious means, in order to promote the sale of new bonds, and, in spite of the promises of M. Ballesteros, may he not have thought this expedient for himself at a moment when the expense of marriage and the absolute determination of the monarch to undertake an expedition to America would perhaps place him in an embarrassing position? These are only conjectures, I repeat, and I have no means of substantiating them. Reduced much of the time to making surmises, lacking the confidential communications with the ministry that are usual everywhere else but here, it would not be strange if I were mistaken. Nevertheless, it would cause more trouble, I think, did I not direct the attention of your Excellency to these rumors, which may be groundless, but which, at all events, are not without importance.

The Vicomte de Saint-Priest to the Prince de Polignac:

Madrid, January 26, 1830.

Always, but quite vaguely, an expedition to México is discussed. In this connection, it may be said that the lessons of experience have borne no fruit with the Spanish cabinet. Intelligent men well realize that, to wish to reconquer the countries that Spain was unable to hold, for the purpose of putting them back again under the yoke of the mother-country, is a bootless enterprise; and, to their way of thinking, an expedition would be a success only if it had for its avowed aim the establishment of one of the *infantes* upon the throne of México while making of that empire an independent monarchy. All these considerations, however, go counter to the personal desire of the king and to the obstinacy of certain of his counselors. So I have regarded it as entirely useless to hold any discussion with M. de Salmón.¹ I only regret that, in the existing state of distress in Spain, considerable sums should again be used for these ruinous and foolish enterprises, while they could have given new life to the native soil and been used to encourage agriculture and industry.

The Vicomte de Saint-Priest to the Prince de Polignac:

Failing to receive from the department any

¹Spanish secretary of state.

Madrid, February 22, 1830.

¹Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères: *Espagne*, 1830, Vol. N. 752.

whether this project may not be a part of some mysterious financial operation, and

answer to the passages in my despatches that related to the affairs of America, I do not know whether your Excellency intends me to continue them. However, I believe a conversation that I had on this subject with M. Addington, and which was brought about rather by him than by myself, ought not to pass unnoticed.

The minister, having asked me if I thought there were still a question of fitting out in the ports of Spain an expedition against México, I replied that the rumors prevalent concerning this seemed not to have much foundation, and that they might perhaps be reduced to sending to Habana, on the ship of the line, *Heros*, which has just been repaired, some troops that are now massing in Cádiz. M. Addington then related a conversation he had held, before his departure, upon this subject, with the Duke of Wellington, who told him: "that it would be perfectly useless henceforth to urge Spain to recognize the new states of America, since this would be, according to his own expression, to dash the head against a wall, but that it would be necessary to protest vigorously against all these pernicious expeditions, which, even were she to send 20,000 men, offered no chance of success, and might even render it impossible for England to use her influence over these states, as hitherto she had done, to prevent them, in turn, from disturbing the Spanish possession of Cuba and Puerto Rico."¹

Whereupon I said to M. Addington that this counsel seemed to me to be very wise, but that I doubted if the Spanish government would approve of it, because it was very sensitive regarding everything that pertained to America. His reply was, that he had already explained this to M. Salmón, that this minister had seemed to be of his opinion, and that he had particularly disapproved of the expedition of Barradas. I answered, in turn, that this proved nothing; that the opinion of M. Salmón, a very moderate man but without influence, had no weight in this question; that he had not even been informed of the enterprise of Barradas; and that, far from renouncing these ideas of conquest, the dissensions of which southern America was the theater, would encourage the Spaniards to occupy themselves with it more than ever; although it was plainly evident to any intelligent man that even though they were able to conquer México, they would be in no condition to hold it. "A

¹The Prince de Polignac, after having read this passage, wrote the following on the margin in pencil: "But I believe the United States would oppose any attempt upon these islands, and this they have declared."

single idea dominates that country," I added; "it is the desire not to fall again under the domination of the mother-country, and the least semblance of this danger is sufficient to rally all factions. The only reasonable course for Spain is to profit by the counsel given her at different times, and to send one of the *infantes* to rule these countries with any title whatsoever. If she were to consent to it, perhaps the mere announcement of this decision would bring about a revolution in México and the substitution of the monarchical régime for anarchy, to the great displeasure of the Americans to the northward, who do all they can to foster trouble and disorder there."¹

My design, in saying this, was to learn what M. Addington would reply, and whether he were ready for the question. He exclaimed at once that, however advantageous and even desirable such a combination might be, Spain would perhaps be more opposed to it than to the recognition itself of the new states, and that he did not see the advantage she would derive from it. It would not have been difficult for me to prove it to him; but, not wishing to go too far into the affair, I recognized the justice of his observation regarding the present state of mind, and I ended the conference.

I shall only add that the conviction of enlightened Spaniards is that the birth of a Prince of Asturias would remove the principal obstacle this project has encountered up to the present, which lies in the constant opposition of the *infante*, don Carlos. If this happy event took place, probably this prince would no longer look upon the crown of México with so much indifference, and his Catholic majesty himself would be more easily led to perceive the advantage that would accrue to Spain from having a prince of his house at the head of a vast empire, dominating, to a certain extent, by its position, the destiny of southern America.²

I have not been in a position to speak with M. the Comte d'Ofalia³ regarding this. If I am not mistaken, his ideas are not far removed from these, and perhaps your Excellency will

¹On the margin of this passage, the Prince de Polignac wrote the following pencil note: "I doubt this very much. I think the proposal concerning one of the *infantes* would not be welcomed in México. It would have been in order several years ago. I do not say that the plan would always be impossible; but it ought to be slowly elaborated, and, furthermore, favorable circumstances, which one can not foresee at this moment, would be necessary."

²Note in pencil by the Prince de Polignac on the margin of this passage: "Well and good; this would surely be wise for Spain; but for México?"

³Spanish ambassador at Paris.

consider it pertinent to sound him in this regard.¹ At all events, I have deemed these details not unworthy of your attention, my Prince, and I flatter myself that you will have the goodness to inform me if my views respecting all this seem worthy of your approbation.

The Prince de Polignac to the Vicomte de Saint-Priest:²

Paris, March 30, 1830

The news I have just received from Haiti confirms an event that until now we have refused to credit, although the public press has announced it most positively. A Spanish officer has presented himself at Port-au-Prince to demand, in the name of his government, the surrender of the eastern part of the island. We are ignorant of the vigor he has given to this demand. The king's consul, supposing that we had been informed in advance, does not transmit me any details regarding it. The demand has been refused, as was to be expected, and President Boyer has informed his fellow-countrymen of it in a proclamation couched in sufficiently moderate terms. Unfortunately, this restraint is far from general in Haiti. The proceeding of Spain has aroused an intense irritation in many minds. One of the important members of the government has expressed himself with great violence upon the necessity of seeking their safety, once the blacks should be disposed of through similar pretences, in a general insurrection of the Antilles, beginning with Cuba. It is worthy of remark that orders have been given to construct, at all points on the island, galleys with oars for debarkation. It is, without doubt, possible that these preparations are for purposes of defence, and the usual foresight of President Boyer ought to lead us to hope it is so. However, it might be feared that circumstances might arise in which the Haitians, yielding to the violent passions so common among the population, would engage in hostile acts against the colonies still subject to Spain. México recently addressed them with proposals to this end.

Now, however unlikely would be the success of such attempts, they would not be unattended with danger. In any case, it is more than superfluous to cause them by a proceeding like the one to which Spain has just lent herself, and which is likely only to provoke without producing any advantage. It is, to say the

least, impossible for us to surmise the end that the cabinet at Madrid may have had in mind when it gave the orders which have brought about this result.

War, revived between the whites and blacks, would not concern Spain only. It would threaten again all the powers possessing colonies, peopled by slaves, in the Antilles.

For this reason, even if we could be indifferent to a subject so important to Spain, we should not be able to observe, without a certain uneasiness, the imprudent act just committed. It has involved us in troublesome consequences. The Haitians are convinced that the cabinet at Madrid has only acted in conjunction with us, or else at our suggestion, and this opinion, if we do not succeed in destroying it, will have a baneful influence upon our present negotiations with that government, and it might even jeopardize the safety of the French subjects on the island.

Will you have the goodness, M. the Vicomte, to present these several considerations to M. Salmón? He is too intelligent not to perceive their appropriateness, and not to realize that the protection that our interests merit, as well as the cordial feelings of good will that animate us toward Spain, impose upon us the obligation of expressing frankly to the government of his Catholic majesty our point of view in this important state of affairs. Moreover, you will notify this minister that we have directed our consul at Port-au-Prince to make to the Haitian government the remonstrances most apt to turn it from the hostile designs which it might conceive against the Spanish colonies.

It is equally because we have at heart the strength and prosperity of the Spanish monarchy that we should observe with regret its squandering of its resources in enterprises similar to the expedition that failed at Tampico.¹ There is nothing to add to the statements that M. Addington has addressed to M. de Salmón on this subject, and I beg you to announce to the latter that we share, in its entirety, the opinion of the British government on the inopportune and danger of such enterprises.

It is highly improbable that, after the loss of so much time, there exists now a chance for Spain to regain any influence whatever over the destinies of the American continent. At least, however, and admitting that the revolutions which succeed each other in that country would lend some facility to the design

¹Marginal note in pencil by the Prince de Polignac: "I think the time is not ripe for this."

²Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères: *Espagne*, 1836, Vol. N. 752.

¹A Spanish expedition, under the command of General Barradas, which was designed to reconquer México. It was completely defeated by the Mexicans at Tampico.

in the future, there is a question which, on any grounds whatsoever, it should be decided to consider as settled beforehand: that America will never again fall under the colonial system of Spain; she can only be ruled henceforth by independent governments.

Hatred of the Spanish yoke is the only powerful and energetic sentiment in these vast countries, the only one which, in the midst of the hateful factions that rend them asunder, constitutes a sort of public spirit.

In several of the new republics, the ordeal of revolutions and the consequent weariness of them, have given birth among intelligent men to the idea of seeking repose under the dominion of a prince of royal blood, consequently a European prince. Before the recent disensions had arisen in Colombia to arrest the development of the ideas of order and stability that had begun to be manifest, the most important personages there had addressed to us more or less formal overtures regarding this, but, at the same time that they asked of us a French prince, or, in default of him, any other European prince, they excluded most positively the *infantes* of Spain. Similar propositions, with the same exclusion, have come to us from Chile,¹ in the midst of the successive uprisings that disturb that country, without any one's being able to conjecture their terms or their tendency. As to Buenos Aires and Guatemala, the partisans of pure democracy have won a complete victory, which they enjoy undisturbed, here with moderation, there with violence. In truth, we see at the head of the government of México, since the revolution that was carried on there three months ago, men more moderate than their predecessors, and several of whom formerly made a vow to set over themselves one of the *infantes* as their sovereign. We should not forget, however, that circumstances have changed very much since then, and that these same men have recently risen in defence of the integrity of a federal and republican constitution.

Spain, moreover, has herself become convinced, in these latter days, of the readiness of the parties most opposed to each other in México to unite against her.

However, if these facts are sufficient to show how senseless would be every attempt of Spain's to establish a colonial régime in any of the new states of America, it may be that they do not exclude all hope of placing, at some future day, *infantes* at the head of

certain states. The exclusion of the princes of the house of Spain is rather more inspired by anger than by solid motives and real interests. It may be considered less irrevocable than the desire to remain independent. A more circum-spect conduct on Spain's part, with the aid of time, would perhaps overcome these malevolent feelings, the natural result of fifteen years of a war of devastation. It would seem to be possible for circumstances to arise in which the foundation of an American monarchy, favoring a younger branch of the house of Spain, might become practicable, if, after having been adroitly prepared by compacts with influential men in America, it were frankly announced as the condition of independence, and supported by a proper display of military force. Certainly this result, if it were ever possible with the consent of his Catholic majesty, would fulfil all the desires of the king's government, because it would reconcile the true interests of the two hemispheres with the sacred rights of legitimacy and the maintenance of monarchical principles, so essential to the peace of the world. France would seize the means of contributing to it with zeal.

Unfortunately, M. the Vicomte, I see from your correspondence that in Madrid they are far from looking at the question in its true light. Above all, I know how difficult it would be to induce a feeble and divided cabinet and a monarch who has always shown himself to be so jealous of transmitting to his successors completeness of possession, or at least, of its rights, to share our ideas. In the meantime, I believe it would unquestionably be expedient for you to have an audience of a purely hypothetical character with M. de Salmón. Having wished to answer only evasively the proposals that have been addressed to us from America, you may rest assured that we entered upon no direct or indirect negotiations pertaining to the grave subjects I have just communicated to you. We bring them up now merely because they relate to the present, and after all, it is well to be ready to deal with them opportunely.

The government of his Catholic majesty can not fail to recognize the sincerity of our feelings toward it, of which we have given ample proof. Our attitude up to the present, in all that concerns America, is a sufficiently notable evidence. We certainly have for the moment no desire or reason to adopt another course, but by this one we have at least won some right to the confidence of Spain; and if she continues to hold herself aloof from us, if she persists in engaging in mysterious enterprises

¹No document in the archives confirms this statement. In a letter, written me from Santiago, June 17, 1916, señor Gonzalo Bulnes makes the explanation that the Prince de Polignac meant to allude to Perú.

of which the outcome can in no sense be unimportant to us, without doubt such proceedings would not alone influence us to abandon a circumspect and moderate course of action conformable to the principles of a sound and honorable policy, but, on her part, it ought hardly to be surprising to Spain, if, in the possible contingencies of the future, we deemed it expedient to obey only these same principles and our own feelings.

I beg you, M. the Vicomte, to present these considerations to M. Salmón, with the elucidations or reservations your experience may cause you to consider expedient. You alone can judge of the propriety of consulting other members of the cabinet or influential persons in Spain. Even if there should be no immediate result, and if they should only answer vaguely or by absolute silence, there would still be some valuable seed sown for the future, which would incline the court of Spain to ideas more in accordance with its interests, and which would at least provide for a much greater freedom of action in our relations with America. In this twofold connection your communications may have important results. I realize, moreover, their delicate and difficult nature, but I have entire confidence in your choice of the opportunity and of the proper manner for rendering them useful without complications.

There is no proof that the Vicomte de Saint-Priest held a conference with the Spanish secretary of state. Perhaps the opportunity did not arise immediately, and, desiring to let it come of itself, he was surprised in this period of waiting, however brief, by the events to which history gives the name of *Révolution de Juillet*, and which, although it caused the downfall of Charles X, reduced to naught the secret desire of the Prince de Polignac to found what had been the dream of his predecessors, the Duke de Richelieu and Châteaubriand, the American monarchy.

IV

LOUIS PHILIPPE

IN GIVING a new ruler to France, the Revolution of July did not alter the good will of the French chancellery toward the new states; for, during the month of August, 1830, when the assembly of Paris bestowed the crown upon the Duke d'Orléans, the Comte Molé, minister of foreign affairs, made the suggestion to

the king, as the statement presented by him proves, that he recognize the principle of the independence of the new American states. Louis Philippe gave his approval without delay. Besides the reasons set forth by his minister, he felt drawn toward America by the sympathies of military comradeship. He remembered that in 1792, when Prussia and Austria attacked France, he fought at Valmy and Jemmapes under the orders of an American, the Venezuelan general Miranda,¹ in order to bar against the enemy the road to Paris. In short, the French monarch must give some recognition to the Argentines, Peruvians, Ecuadorians, Venezuelans and Colombians, who, as we have seen, had repeatedly invited him to come to rule over them.

The statement of the Comte Molé is as follows:

August, 1830.²

SIRE:

Leading minds have for a long time been agreed regarding the interest France has in recognizing the new states of America.

The identity of our religion, the affinity of our languages, the ease of our manners, have long won for us, in the esteem of the different states, a very marked preference over all other peoples. This preference is primarily an undeniable evidence of the political influence we are destined to exercise in America, and it is not less favorable to the development of commercial relations of prime importance.

So true is this that already our agents, however uncertain be their position because of the lack of clearly defined relations between the new states and France, enjoy in general as much consideration as, and more confidence than, the regularly accredited agents of the other powers. In the former colonies of Spain, our commerce, in spite of the heavy surtaxes to which it is subjected, like that of all the nations that did not anticipate them by commercial treaties, already yields an annual trade of more than 50,000,000 francs.

Our former government itself was not blind to such facts. Aside, however, from its dislike to having relations with countries whose entirely natural emancipation seemed to it a culpable revolt, it still encountered serious obstacles, because of relations with Spain, to the carrying out of a scheme some of the

¹See foot-note on p. 192.—THE EDITOR

²Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères: Espagne, 1830, Vol. 753.

parties to which received all the advantages. Finding at first, with some reason perhaps, but doubtless with pleasure, a sort of moral impediment to the recognition of the independence of America in the occupation of Spain by French troops, it was never afterward able to execute the threat, often made to the court of Spain, of coming to a decision in this regard, if the latter persisted in a course of inertia and denial with which France could not be associated indefinitely, without compromising valuable interests.

To-day, the hour for a hesitation, so harmful and groundless, seems entirely to have passed. Our principles of government are no longer opposed to the recognition of the new states of America, and the relations which we ought to establish at once with Spain should no longer stand in our way, because these friendly relations, as they will exist naturally between two governments united by ties of family and common national interests, must not any longer, however, be dominated otherwise than by a fair adjustment of these interests, instead of being based, as there has often been occasion to note hitherto, upon sacrifices by us, without any compensation.

I believe it to be my duty therefore to propose that your Majesty accept in principle the recognition of the new states of America.

As to carrying it into effect, it is evident that we can do this and ought to do it only by treaties that will secure for us in the several states, not privileges but the certainty that under no circumstances will any nation possess among them rights detrimental to us. It is further evident that in order to effect these treaties we must discover the governments with which to conclude them. In Colombia, Neuva Granada renders obedience to Mosquera, the president of the republic; Venezuela, to Páez; the province of Quito, to General Flores. Sometimes Bolívar seems on the point of resuming command, and it is absolutely impossible to foresee, from day to day, what may happen to the country. In Chile three armies but lately encountered each other, contending for mastery, and it is not known now whether there be a finally victorious party. Since France has no agent in Guatemala, the situation of this state can only be imperfectly known. However, it is supposable that the party formed in Salvador, and which had triumphed over the government of Guatemala, is still in power. According to our information, the only governments, in what was formerly Spanish America, which, if not stable, at least exist, are those of México, La Plata, Perú and Bolivia.

In such a state of affairs, I shall limit myself to proposing to your Majesty that I be authorized to write to the agents of the new governments who may be in France (those of México, Buenos Aires and Colombia), as well as to the French agents in America (the consuls general in México, Perú, Chile, Buenos Aires and Colombia), that we are ready to recognize these governments and to treat with them. Furthermore, I should arrange to have the same advice reach Guatemala and Brazil through our naval stations at Habana and in Chile. All these governments should be invited, at the same time, to send agents to Paris to treat with us, supplied to this end with full and necessary powers.

Once this decision were adopted and put into effect, I should be able to apprise Spain of it. After all the phases through which the affair has now passed in the negotiations between France and Spain, it would be easy for me to show her that she has no cause either for surprise or comment in our conduct. As a new proof of our ancient friendship, I should be able to offer her the good offices of your Majesty's government in dealing with the American governments, in the event that, finally heeding the voice of reason and of her own welfare, she herself should wish to enter into relations with them.

I pray your Majesty to be pleased to communicate to me his intentions.

I am, with respect, etc.,

(Signed)

Approved.

THE COMTE MOLÉ.

In the correspondence between the chancellery at Paris and the embassy of France at Madrid, it nowhere appears that in 1830 the government of his Catholic majesty was advised of the decision to recognize in principle the independence of the new states; and, in the meanwhile, the agents of these states in Paris had been informed of it in September, 1830. Nor does it appear further that it was informed of the treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation, concluded with México in 1831, nor of the preliminary convention, negotiated with Venezuela, in 1833. Until that same year of 1833, which saw the death of Fernando VII, (September 29), no decision was made by Spain regarding the question of American affairs and no negotiation had been entered upon in respect of them, before the reign of Queen María Cristina of

Naples, who upon her widowhood became regent of the realm during the minority of her majesty, Queen Isabel II.

This reserve on the part of France may have had the following grounds: the French chancellery could not address the chancellery of Madrid regarding the recognition of the independence of the new states without previously securing the recognition of the new French dynasty from his Catholic majesty. At this time the French, English and Russian chancelleries encountered difficulties at Madrid in obtaining recognition for the new kingdom of Greece. The Spanish chancellery objected that it would reach a decision only when Constantinople should

have set the example, and by this means it renewed its protest against the recognition by England and France of the former colonies of Spain in America, before the mother-country had preceded them in such a course of action. Spain forgot, however, that London and Paris proceeded thus only because, as has been seen, she herself remained deaf to the counsels of a sincere friendliness, which, on many occasions had invited his Catholic majesty to take the initiative in so important a diplomatic act.

It was by following the same kind of reasoning that Spain equally objected to recognizing the establishment of the kingdom of Belgium.



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

THE HISTORIAN OF SPAIN

BY

M. ROMERA NAVARRO

While we already have access to numerous monographs upon Prescott, it is interesting to be in possession of an article in appreciation of him, from the standpoint of a Spaniard, who is pleased to concede to him the title of "Historian of Spain," which few of us would be disposed to withhold.—THE EDITOR.

THIS illustrious North American writer is well worthy of the title of Historian of Spain. Prescott wrote upon the reigns of Fernando and Isabel, Carlos V and Felipe II, and on the conquests of México and Perú, presenting the complete panorama of the most brilliant periods of Spanish national history.

No one would have imagined that this was to be his work when, in 1842, the year in which he began to study the Spanish language, he wrote to his friend Bancroft in the following terms:

I am battling with the Spaniards this winter, but I have not the heart for it that I had for Italian. I doubt whether there are many valuable things that the key of knowledge will unlock in that language.¹

Prescott initiated his Spanish labors with the *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic*, published in 1837. Richard Ford² considered it the best historical work produced by America, and not inferior in merit to any that had appeared in Europe in the first part of the nineteenth century. In spite of its great merit, our historian entertained doubts regarding the excellence of his work, and he hesitated a long time before sending it to the press. Ticknor³ relates that while thus in doubt, Prescott consulted his father, as was ever his wont, and his father counseled

¹*Life of William H. Prescott*, by George Ticknor, Philadelphia, 1875, p. 68.

²*Quarterly Review*, 1839, vol. LXIV, p. 58.

Here and elsewhere throughout this article, where the author quotes from works in English, the translator has taken the passages from their original sources, rather than translate back into English, those that had been put into Spanish.—THE EDITOR.

³*Op. cit.*, p. 96.

its publication, adding that a man who wrote a book and then was afraid to publish it was a coward.

The author had wavered no little before selecting the theme of his first historical effort. Finally, he hesitated between choosing the history of the reign of the Catholic Sovereigns, and an account of the revolution that converted Rome into a monarchy. Under date of January 19, 1826, he made the following note in his memorandum:

I believe the Spanish subjects will be more new than the Italian; more interesting to the majority of readers; more useful to me by opening another and more practical department of study; and not more laborious in relation to authorities to be consulted, and not more difficult to be discussed with the lights already afforded me by judicious treatises on the most intricate parts of the subject, and with the allowance of the introductory year for my novitiate in a new walk of letters. The advantages of the Spanish topic, on the whole, overbalance the inconvenience of the requisite preliminary year. For these reasons, I subscribe to the History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, January 19, 1826.¹

Twenty-one years later he added the following note on the margin in pencil:

A fortunate selection. May, 1847.¹

It was indeed a happy stroke of Prescott's—selecting this reign, the most glorious in all Spanish history, and regarding which, by an inexplicable blindness, foreign historians have only very slightly occupied themselves. Although, as Prescott asserts:²

¹*Op. cit.* (edition of Boston, 1864), p. 76.—THE EDITOR.

²*History of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, Philadelphia, 1872, p. IX.

English writers have done more for the illustrations of Spanish history than for that of any other except their own;

and although they had studied and written upon all or almost all the periods of modern Spain, from the reign of Carlos V (1500-1558) to that of Carlos III (1716-1788), they had nothing to say about the reign of the Catholic Sovereigns, which was, without doubt, the most transcendent of modern Spanish history, during which the political and religious unification of the peninsula was accomplished, America was discovered and its colonization begun, the kingdom of Naples conquered, the new Athens or university of Salamanca was flourishing, the foundations of modern Spain were laid, and there arose magnificent and legendary figures, worthy of the epic period—Christopher Columbus, Gonzalo de Córdoba, Cardinal Cisneros, Vasco Núñez de Balboa, who took possession of an entire ocean in the name of Spain, Hernando del Pulgar. . . .

Prescott set about his work by taking as major sources Juan Antonio Llorente's *Historia crítica de la inquisición, desde Fernando V hasta Fernando VII*; the general marine history; Hurtado de Mendoza's *Guerra de Granada*; the chronicles of Zurita; the works of Sempere, Capmany Suris and Diego Clemencín; the Hispano-Arab chronicles translated by Conde; the collections of Navarrete; Pulgar's chronicles of the Catholic Sovereigns, which, although the principal source of whatever has been written upon this reign, Prescott omitted from his preface when he mentioned as the most important works those cited here. He might have mentioned the *Cura de los Palacios*, who has given us so many details regarding this reign, and the correspondence of Peter Martyr. It may be said that Prescott was the first foreigner who concerned himself with the Catholic Sovereigns, for the other two works by foreign authors that cover the complete reign of the Catholic Sovereigns¹ afford little interest.

¹Abbé Mignot, *Histoire des rois Catholiques Ferdinand et Isabelle*, Paris, 1776; Rupert Becker, *Geschichte der Regierung Ferdinand des Katholischen*, Prag und Leipzig, 1790; both cited by Prescott.

It was reserved for a son of America worthily to pay tribute to the history of the reign in which his continent was discovered and its civilizing work begun, as our historian writes:

And surely no subject could be found more suitable for the pen of an American than a history of that reign under the auspices of which the existence of his own favored quarter of the globe was first revealed.¹

Prescott has been accused of holding himself aloof from the philosophical ground in his historical narration, or rather, of not cultivating the philosophy of history. Protestant and foreigner as he was, however, his history of the reign of the Catholic Sovereigns would perhaps not have been characterized by such impartiality, nor have inspired so much confidence in its readers, if, instead of confining himself to narration, the author had gone profoundly into historical criticism and had given us at every step his opinion upon the subject of religion, morality and politics. On the other hand, it is to be lamented that he did not philosophize a little, since in that reign the occasion was propitious for the study of the origin of all modern Spain, the birth of institutions that soon became embedded in Spanish life, and some of which have even spread to other lands. Only the perfect command of the subject that Prescott had could enable him to discover so many errors and inexactitudes in the writers who had occupied themselves with some particular point in the same reign. So we see him correcting Hallam, Guizot, Bouterwek, Llorente.

Although, as the first work of the author, the style is somewhat overdone, it has conciseness, clearness and little or no literary padding. The narrative is picturesque, the descriptions are vivid, the criticism is ample and liberal. In spite of adopting, once in a while, the attitude of the magistrate that judges and passes sentence, in general the works of Prescott are free of the dogmatism that mars so many works of their kind. As criticism has already pointed out, among the best

¹Ticknor's *Life* (Preface to the Philadelphia edition of 1872), p. XII.

the work affords in point of style figure the description of the return of Columbus after his first voyage, and the picture of cardinal Jiménez de Cisneros. Equally among the most notable is also his beautiful dissertation upon the Spanish romances.

Six years afterward, that is, in 1843, appeared the *History of the Conquest of México, with a preliminary view of the ancient Mexican civilization, and the life of the conqueror Hernando Cortés*. Solís had already treated the same subject in his *Conquista de Méjico* (1684), the masterpiece of its author and its times. Solís was an excellent historian and man of letters; his plan was always well matured and faithfully followed. Because of his power of imagination and his nervous and vigorous style, his descriptions are far superior to, and more impressive than, those of Prescott. They lack, however, the serenity and impartiality of Prescott. Also the English Robertson¹ had briefly occupied himself with the same subject in his *History of America* (1777). As both works were antiquated, the world stood in need of a modern historian of first rank who should rewrite the history of the conquest, making use of the abundant materials accumulated at different times, thanks particularly to the diligence of Juan Bautista Muñoz, the historian of the Indies, Vargas Ponce and Martín Fernández de Navarrete.

Washington Irving began in 1838 to prepare a history of the conquest of México. He had already spent three months collecting and revising his documents of information and criticism, when he learned that Prescott was occupied with the same subject. In a burst of generous unselfishness, of the kind which is seldom seen in the world of letters, Irving offered him the materials he had already brought together. Irving wrote to Prescott, in a letter dated at New York, January 18, 1839:

In at once yielding up the thing to you I feel that I am but doing my duty in leaving one of the most magnificent themes in American

history to be treated by one who will build up from it an enduring monument in the literature of our country.¹

In reality, the son of Boston was at the height of his mission in writing a noble work; although, in truth, such a history was one that ought to be written by a Caesar or a Xenophon of the modern age.

The history contains an Introduction upon the ancient Aztec civilization, which, if we be permitted, we shall make bold to declare the best part of the work. There speaks not only the historian, but also the philosopher. It was not in vain that it cost the author almost as much time to write the Introduction as it did the narrative part. On February 1, 1841, he wrote to don Pascual Gayangos:

I am just bringing my account of the state of Aztec civilization to a close; the most perplexing and thorny part of my own subject, which has cost me two years' labor. But I have wished to do it as thoroughly as I could.²

Prescott worked with the patience of a benedictine; he devoted to each subject all the attention, labor and time that the work required. He seems to have given us his motto in the following words which he indited while considering the propriety of writing either on Spanish history, from the Arab invasion to Carlos V, or on the history of the revolution that converted Rome into a monarchy, or a biographical sketch of eminent geniuses:

I care not how long a time I take for it, provided I am diligent all the time.³

Referring to the Introduction again, it is obvious that after subsequent investigations, in particular those of Bandelier and Morgan, all that refers to Mexican anthropology and archaeology in the work of Prescott needs revision; and this, in spite of the fact that there is still much that remains to be cleared up.

The plan followed by our historian was excellent. The interpolation in the narrative of such descriptive passages as might

¹Ticknor's *Life* (edition of Boston, 1864), p. 169.—THE EDITOR.

²*Ibid.*, p. 183.—THE EDITOR.

³*Ibid.*, p. 74.—THE EDITOR.

¹Rather, Scotch: William Roberston, born at Borthwick, Scotland, September 19, 1721, died near Edinburgh, June 11, 1793.—THE EDITOR.

be required, was an admirable touch of the author's, and the source of the vivid interest with which the History of the Conquest of México is read. His erudition was copious without being heavy, an erudition that satisfies without fatiguing. This North American historian was not, as we have already indicated, one of those whom we read with prejudice or suspicion. Hardly does he lead us by the hand through the fields of History when we feel ourselves yielding him our entire confidence. We behold his evident love of truth, his constant purpose to be impartial. Few, indeed, so conscientious and scrupulous or who show more respect for historical accuracy! Without being pompous like Gibbon, or a stylist after the manner of Irving; without being very eloquent or brilliant, William Hickling Prescott showed himself to be an excellent writer. Five years before beginning to write his first book of importance, he had declared:

Model myself upon no manner. A good imitation is disgusting—what must a bad one be? Rely on myself for criticism of my own compositions. Neither consult nor imitate any model for style, but follow my own natural current of expression.¹

His style is severe and noble, as accords with the grave importance of the subjects treated. This, together with the simplicity, clarity and vigor of his descriptions, produces a profound impression upon us, above all in moments of pathos, one of which is experienced in the incomparable descriptive power of the *sad night*—one of the best written historical pages of which we have any knowledge. He moves us without seeming himself to be moved. Our author is not so brilliant as Motley is in his *History of the rise of the Dutch republic*, but he is more impartial and serene than Motley and Irving. Less of a philosopher than Hume, he narrates with more smoothness and vividness. Whence it is clear, he was no philosopher. In all his works a generalization of facts, the philosophy of history, is lacking. He represents the intermediate link between

the old and the new conception of history: between the ancient, a mere narrative of political, religious and martial deeds; and the new conception of history, facts, with criticism and general deductions. Although excelled by other historians in some qualities, he is, among modern writers, perhaps the one who possessed the most varied gifts: love of truth, fairness, a spirit of untiring investigation, fidelity in narration, imagination without lyrics, a sober and picturesque style, and a conscientiousness that always led him to make known to us the sources of his information in order that we for ourselves might verify and judge. In one of his works of literary criticism, after enumerating at length the qualities that ought to be united in the historian, if he is to merit such a title, he adds:

He must be—in short, there is no end to what a perfect historian ought to be and do. It is hardly necessary to add that such a monster never did and never will exist.¹

It is well not to lose sight of this in judging of his own work. The *History of the Conquest of Mexico and the biography of Hernando Cortés* does not terminate, like that of Solís y Rivadeneyra, with the falling of México into the hands of the conquerors, but it is continued down to the death of Cortés. For many, this biography is a panegyric on the Extremaduran hero,² although not so warm or frank as that of Solís. We understand that Prescott, with just praise and merited censure, as the occasion demanded, presented the complete figure of the conqueror and the work of the conquest in its proper light. It is true that, in pointing out the excesses of the conquerors, he sought to tone them down with discreet reasoning, recalling now and then that it is not possible to judge by contemporary standards a sixteenth century act of conquest. Impartiality demanded this. He held that if the conquest of México was a duty, whatever the Spaniards did to accomplish it was justified. Among his

¹William Hickling Prescott, *Biographical and critical miscellanies*, Philadelphia, 1882, p. 83.

²Cortés was from Extremadura, Spain.—THE EDITOR.

¹Ticknor's *Life* (edition of Boston, 1864), p. 219.—THE EDITOR.

compatriots he was often accused of presenting Cortés as a soldier of Christ, and not as a "soldier of the devil," according to the strong expression of a critic. They reproached his "absurd, vituperable defence of the cruelties and tyrannies of Cortés."¹ How Prescott gathers up these censures in a letter directed to his friend J. C. Hamilton of Boston, dated February 10, 1844, may here be seen;

The immorality of the act and of the actor seems to me two very different things; and while we judge the one by the immutable principles of right and wrong, we must test the other by the fluctuating standard of the age. The real question is, whether a man was sincere, and acted according to the lights of his age. We can not fairly demand of a man to be in advance of his generation, and where a generation goes wrong, we may be sure that it is an error of the head, not of the heart. For a whole community, including its best and wisest, will not deliberately sanction the habitual perpetration of crime. This would be an anomaly in the history of man.²

It would be impossible to set forth more luminous ideas in defence, I mean, in justification of himself and of Cortés.

Prescott wrote also the *History of the reign of Philip the Second, king of Spain* (1855-1858). Sepúlveda, Cabrera, Herrera and the Neapolitan Campana, contemporaries of Carlos V and Felipe II, had already traced the history of these two reigns. From then until the time of Prescott, no history of the reign of Felipe II had been published, for the weak productions of Gregorio Leti, which appeared in the seventeenth century, and of Watson, in the following century, are based on those of the preceding historians of the sixteenth century. Of course there were not wanting a few monographs or the general histories or those of foreign countries, in which chapters were devoted to this reign, authors generally copying one another.

William Hickling Prescott appeared at the auspicious moment, when abundant documents had just been discovered—

¹F. L. Jeffrey, *Letter to Napier*, April 22, 1845. (In *Selections from the Correspondence of Macvey Napier*, London, 1877, p. 489).

²Ticknor's *Life*, (edition of Boston, 1864), p. 214.—THE EDITOR.

until then lost or overlooked—in Spain, Holland, Belgium and Italy. Making use of them, Prescott wrote his documented and impartial history. It seems proper to mention at this point the valuable aid lent him by erudite and book-loving Spaniards, and, in particular, don Pascual Gayangos. Ticknor, the biographer of the historian, as has been seen, said in this connection:

. . . . but without the assistance of a scholar to superintend and direct the whole, like don Pascual de Gayangos, full of knowledge of the particular subject, proud of his country, whose honor he knew he was serving, and disinterested as a Spanish *hidalgo* of the older temper and loyalty, Mr. Prescott never would have laid the foundations he did for his *History of Philip the Second*, or executed his purpose so far and so well.¹

It is indeed curious, although out of place to mention it here, to note that what Ticknor says of Prescott, in respect of the assistance of Gayangos, Fitzmaurice-Kelly repeats regarding Ticknor:

It will be no exaggeration to affirm that Ticknor's *History* could hardly have been written without the aid of Gayangos.²

Instead of following a rigorous chronological order, the historian has presented events partially grouped. The *History of the reign of Philip the Second* affords a complete picture of Spanish society, life and customs during the last decades of the sixteenth century. As Spaniards we ought to feel a natural gratitude to the North American historian, who traced for us the picture of the monarch with fairness, without moderating the somber tones of his character and deeds, or attempting to relieve him of the due responsibility which, in the presence of History, was attached to him for many of his actions as a ruler, a Catholic and a man. The personality of Felipe II is delineated with all its majesty and indisputable greatness, although also with its momentary shortcomings and weaknesses. Prescott's was a serene spirit, incapable of fanaticisms of any kind. In a letter, dated August 31, 1846, and addressed to

¹*Life*, (edition of 1875), p. 270.

²*Revue Hispanique*, 1897, vol. IV, p. 340.

don Pascual Gayangos, he says that, although a child of democracy:

Yet no bigoted one, I assure you. I am no friend to bigotry in politics or religion, and I believe that forms are not so important as the manner in which they are administered.¹

The curious feature of the case is that personally Prescott felt a great animosity toward the Spanish monarch, which he vented in private, but which does not express itself in his writings, where always or almost always, we behold him serene and impartial. In his history of Felipe II will be read nothing in the style of the following lines, selected from a letter he wrote to Lady Lyell on April 25, 1855:

If I should go to heaven when I quit this dirty ball, I shall find many acquaintances there. . . . Don't you think I should have a kindly greeting from good Isabella? . . . But there is one that I am sure will owe me a grudge, and that is the very man I have been making two big volumes upon. With all my good nature I can't wash him even into the darkest French gray. He is black and all black. My friend Madame Calderón will never forgive me. Is it not charitable to give Philip a place in heaven?²

As Spaniards, I repeat, we ought to feel grateful to the Yankee historian for vindicating, in part, the person of Felipe II, so implacably slandered in all ages; for Felipe was the incarnation of the Spanish soul, the most Spanish monarch the houses of alien Hapsburg and Bourbon ever gave us. He was Spanish to the marrow, with the virtues and many of the defects of the Spanish people of his time. To condemn this monarch would be little short of condemning the intellectual and political Spain of the second half of the sixteenth century. This monarch has been reproached for his cruelty, as if clemency were the patrimony of the rulers of the epoch. Recall his contemporary, Elizabeth of England. She was a cruel sovereign, but not in the ordinary sense, by instinct, but from fanaticism and extreme love

for her country. She was cruel with a clear object, and one that in her eyes justified everything: to serve her country and her God. Felipe has been reproached above measure for his distrustfulness and his suspicious spirit. He distrusted France we are told, the Low Countries, England, the republic of Venice. Yet all of them later justified his suspicion. He lacked confidence in his ministers. Do but consider whether, in the subsequent reigns, politicians of their measure were worthy of the confidence of a prudent king. Returning to the historian, we say that he not only painted for us Felipe II as somber, hard, fanatic, bellicose, but also as liberal, prudent, perspicacious, laborious, artistic, frugal, humble.

The dark legend around Felipe II had its origin in the sixteenth century itself, in that Antonio Pérez, who, to avenge himself upon the monarch, published his *Cartas y relaciones*; and that, some years before, the Prince of Orange published his *Apologie ou défense du très illustre Prince Guillaume, par la grâce de Dieu, Prince d'Orange, contre le Ban et Édít publié par le Roi d'Espagne par lequel il proscriit le dict Seigneur Prince, dont aperra des calomnies et fausses accusations contenues dans la dicte Proscription*, directed to the kings, princes and potentates of Europe, in which he defended himself from the charge of being an ingrate and traitor, which Felipe II had hurled at him, and, in turn, denounced the Spanish monarch as incestuous, bigamous, adulterous, assassin, painting him and his vassals in the most somber colors. As time passed, the personality of the second Felipe of Spain clears, and it recovers its human appearance, ceasing to be for impartial historians the *Demon of the South*. After Prescott, although there may have been one or another historian, like Motley, who again copied from ancient authors the black legend, the most of the best of the historians judged him with a favorable criticism: Gachard, in *Correspondence de Philippe II sur les affaires des Pays Bas* (Bruxelles, 1848-79), *La déchéance de Philippe II* (Bruxelles, 1863), *Don Carlos et Philippe II* (Paris, 1867); Nameche, in *Le règne de Philippe II et la lutte reli-*

¹Ticknor's *Life* (edition of Boston, 1864), p. 270.—THE EDITOR.

²Ticknor's *Life* (edition of Boston, 1864), p. 414.—THE EDITOR.

gieuse dans les Pays Bas au XVI siècle (Paris, Louvain, 1885-87); Mouy, in *Don Carlos et Philippe II* (Paris, 1868); Hume, in *Philip II of Spain* (London, 1899), and many other historians, down to Clauzel, who, in his work, *Études humaines; Fanatiques: Philippe II d'Espagne* (Paris, 1913), portrays the Spanish sovereign with a restoring and justifying hand.

It is hardly necessary to say that the king is the central figure of Prescott's work. He had already declared:

The character of Philip will be the dominant principle controlling every other; and his policy will be the central object of interest, to which almost every event in the reign must be in a great degree referred. That policy, doubtless, will be found to be the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion and of absolute power. These were the ends ever kept in view by him, and they must be so, therefore, by his historian, as furnishing the true clue to his complicated story.¹

The historian manifests a great liking for don Juan de Austria; but how is it possible to follow step by step the history of this extraordinary man, his achievements as a warrior, his triumphs as a politician, his noble deeds; or to contemplate his elegant and stately figure, the virtue of his actions, his knightliness, courage and liberality, without feeling one's self carried away by enthusiasm, however much the historian one may be? For the mind of the historian and the heart of the man are not in two bodies. How would it be possible to present upon the historical stage the prototype of the knightly hero without infusing into the words somewhat of the fire of sentiment?

As long as history shall not be a simple and cold relation of facts, and a historian a sort of fossil, it will be impossible for the former not to contain pages of the warm feeling, the ardor, stamped there by their author.

The history of the reign of Philip the Second, king of Spain, is unfortunately, incomplete. While the author was getting ready to prepare the fourth volume, an attack of apoplexy robbed him of his life, January 28, 1859, a day of mourning for

North America and for Castile. He died without having seen Spain—save with the eyes of his soul. The two remaining Hispanic works of William Hickling Prescott—*History of the conquest of Peru, with a preliminary review of the civilization of the Incas* (1847), and *An account of the life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth from his abdication*, as a complement to the *History of the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*, by the English historian, William Robertson, which, with a new edition of this work, published in 1856—are, in comparison with the productions cited above, of secondary importance.

We shall only say that the first of these works reminds us at every step of the *Conquest of Mexico* in descriptions of places and events; that the style is brilliant, without attaining the splendor of the book on México; the narrative interesting, as much so as a good novel, with many notable judgments upon the achievements of the conquerors; but that it is very inferior to the *Conquest of Mexico*. Regarding its archaeological features, it demands a revision with more urgency than his similar work. The supplement to the *History* by Robertson, upon the life of the emperor from his abdication until his death, although very brief, is remarkable because of the new documents of which use was made, and which permitted him to rewrite entirely the history of the last years of Carlos V. It goes without saying that at present the books to be consulted are Armstrong's work¹ and the excellent *Vida y estancia del emperador Carlos V*, by don Manuel de Foronda.

Prescott also has a study on Cervantes; a criticism of Washington Irving's *Conquest of Granada*, in which in reality he speaks of the events on his own account, with but a bare reference to Irving; and another criticism of the *History of Spanish Literature* by Ticknor, in which he gives utterance to personal considerations and critical estimates on Spanish letters. These three studies are to be found in his *Biographical and critical miscellanies*, a book published in 1845.

¹*The Emperor Charles V*, by Edward Armstrong, two volumes, London, 1902.

¹*Life*, p. 274.

THE CRISIS IN NEUTRALITY

BY

FRANCISCO GARCÍA CALDERÓN

The author, after emphasizing the fact that the dimensions of the war have become so great that national isolation and neutrality are practically impossible, asserts that the peoples now generally accept the fact that the moral future of the world depends upon the issue of the present struggle; he uses the case of Switzerland to illustrate that "it is impossible to be impartial between right and wrong," that: "The tribunal of public opinion and of conscience may not remain neutral as between law and crime," and that "since the spiritual unity of the Old World is broken, the liberal new continent, from Boston to Buenos Aires, is destined to pronounce laws, save principles, and preserve against impious forces, a pure, humane and harmonious civilization.—THE EDITOR.

AMONG the inquiet peoples neutrality was a political paradise, a state of permanent grace, in the presence of powerful military nations that were preparing attacks and organizing coalitions in a rigid armed peace. Strangers to the agitations of a covetous neighbor, as if from the remote observatory of a star, the lesser nations lived and prospered, and they devoted their activity to material advancement. In their calculation, war was not an appreciable factor, nor in their budgets was the tribute for the next hectacomb a formidable burden. Smiling, minute, laborious, they were growing rich beneath the beetling protection of exacting powers. Without doubt their heart was not indifferent to the greatness of certain nations, and "elective affinities" disturbed without destroying their elegant neutrality.

In the great war this cherished indifference quickly disappeared. Belgium suffered a most cruel expiation because she defended her fine privileges. In vain did all the states define the attitude they expected to take in the immense conflict. Neutrality implied hostility, the belligerent nations declared. The only form tolerated in a weak situation was an impartiality tempered with benevolence and active sympathy. The peace of a profitable isolation was successively abandoned by Italy and Roumania, the United States and, finally, Brazil, some of the fervid republics of the New Spanish continent and Greece, perhaps, under the energetic direction of Venizelos. A most interesting emulation impelled all the

peaceful states toward the interminable war.

Multitudes and statesmen understood that two conceptions of the state and of the world, of policy and of history, were struggling for mastery. They abandoned without effort their position as impartial observers, because upon the triumph of one or the other order of the warring nations would depend their moral future. In the dynastic wars there existed freedom of opinion and of sympathy that was not translated into military action. To-day the struggle is for cardinal values: Christianity and democracy, authority, reason, liberalism; and twenty centuries are crowded into a battle. Liberal Europe aspires to limit conflicts, to extend altruism and pity, to create courts of arbitration, to impose humanitarian regulations upon war, to give force to treaties, to found general interests upon the strong egotism of each country. A great power destroyed laborious structures and offered peace and wealth, in exchange for submission. It opposed individualism, and erected a monstrous and provident state against the adventitiousness of intranquil races.

This somber grandeur impressed neutrals. Sympathies and fears weighed in the decisions of cabinets. The art of being impartial was complicated and painful. The powers attracted and menaced. They drew the blockade closer, denied provisions, hoped that, with profitable agitations, useful sympathies would be declared.

Louis Dumur has just presented a study of this curious spiritual position in respect

of Switzerland, his native land. This writer occupies an honorable position on the *Mercur de France*. He is the founder of an organ for all kinds of free opinions, such as those of Valette and Rémy de Gourmont. Without prejudices or compromises, this French Swiss, the spiritual heir of the *émigrés* who brought to France a relentless liberalism, sets forth truths ardently, undisturbed by criticisms or threats. He has presented a study in a recent book, *Les deux Suisses*, and has defined the duties of a free people in the conflict of eminent neighbors. This lucid study of the attitude of a republic, of its fears and contradictions, is of interest to our democracies.

A German tentacle penetrated the charming nation. Dumur points it out in biting expressions:

Directive groups in the government, in the administrations, in the army, in business, in the press, in the schools—with rare exceptions that can be indicated—have continued to be invariably pro-German. They were so in 1914, they are so in 1917.

Of three and a half millions of Swiss, two and a half millions openly favor Germany. The general staff and the federal council respect the friendly and tutorial power. We understand, in view of this predilection, the intervention of Hoffman in favor of a separate peace with Russia; the divisions of the agitated little republic; the fidelity of Roman Switzerland to the ideal of liberal peoples; the halting policy of Berne; and the conventicles of Lucerne and Lausanne. Helvetic austerity subjected to proof by constant tempters seeks in vain for its former serenity. To its rugged mountains comes the confused sectional passion. Will it preserve its widely heralded impartiality between attractive France, loquacious Italy and threatening Germany and Austria? Will it maintain its miraculous union in spite of the hostile currents of opinion? In the midst of great European highways is this isle of peace: liberty has been its dominant passion, the proud faith of the confederated cantons.

Dumur examines the Swiss traditions and compares them with the sad reality.

There exists, he demonstrates, an inevitable hostility between the interests of his people and the interests of Germany; and between the expansive ambition of a great conquering power, we might add, and the autonomy of an organized democracy.

Economic vassalage inevitably brings, above all in the case of Germany, political subjection; so that the Swiss who is not ready to sacrifice his material interests in defence of the absolute independence of his country ought to cease to presume to be a Swiss.

Inasmuch as he is a federalist and has brought together diverse elements in his historical passion for independence, is a republican, respects treaties and believes in law, he could be pro-French, but not a Germanophile. German and Swiss are terms of an insuperable opposition.

The Helvetic spirit consists in causing different races and civilizations to live together, in federating them in a common medium of justice and liberty.

It is a coalition of complementary wills, a harmony that does not destroy the original spirit in diverse regions. The three Switzerlands, German, French, Italian, obey their traditions; they maintain the dominance of their language; and they contribute, nevertheless, with absolute firmness to the national unity.

This union has been disturbed by an aggressive power. The censorship has been more severe in Switzerland than among the peoples subjected to the iron necessity of the war. Dumur relates at length how Germany defended its cause, maintaining opportune silences, and imposing, in the Swiss republic, the ostracism of hostile books. A military dictatorship, restrictions of the press, oppression of the liberal minority by the Germanistic majority—such is the picture that an energetic witness presents. The Egli scandal revealed possible complications between the general staff of Germany and that of Switzerland. The French press then announced the fact that the frontier that separated the voracious empire from the ingenuous democracy was unguarded. Free Europe was surprised by the enthusiasm of the Helvetic nation for its probable conquerors.

There has been a failure, according to Dumur, in the "Swiss idea," which is nothing more than an idea of contract, the basis of its existence. It is the national idea of this staid and hard-working country. Thanks to the agreement, dissimilar races are grouped together, and a social compact, like that which Rousseau held to exist in primitive communities, dominates this durable political organization. When Treitschke compares the German federation with the Swiss and the North American federations, he reproves these Helvetic bonds without vigor. The Swiss pride consists precisely in the fact that men are associated who are jealous of their autonomy. Vergil Rosse, a judge of the federal court, has written that Switzerland is a "prophecy that is slowly being fulfilled," the first effort looking toward the formation of the future United States of Europe. Three peoples united their destiny in 1291, and they remain faithful to the ancient treaty. New cantons are added to the primitive nucleus, and the will of the nation always presides over this expansion. Democracy prospers without apostatizing from its essential creed. "The compact formed and it maintains the nation." Always a compact, a compact everywhere, says Dumur. Nevertheless, the proud cantons submit to the imperious state, which despises treaties and prefers conquest by force, to annexation by persuasion.

The case of Switzerland is repeated in all the disputed regions of Europe. According to the German theory, a small nation is a parasite and a mendicant aggregation. Subtle finances slowly impose the necessary yoke: in Belgium and in Sweden, in Switzerland and in Luxembourg, capital takes possession of banks and industries, and converts autonomy into a useless survival. Political neutrality and economic dependence can not be harmonized; and in the time of war this disequilibrium is brought to light. We no longer conceive of small nations shielded by the protection of larger states, nations that continue their eclogue life in the midst of bleeding races. It will be necessary to find a formula that will secure the

free association of powerful states with modest nations, without the former's creating immense federations or the latter's feeling perpetual inquietude in the presence of the insolent progress of ambitious human masses. The Allies of the great war will preserve these small centers of activity against unbridled imperialisms.

We are participating in the crisis of neutrality. We can not be neutral in the presence of crime, was said by Ruy Barbosa, the most eloquent of the Brazilian jurists. "It is impossible to be impartial between right and wrong. The tribunal of public opinion and of conscience may not remain neutral as between law and crime." These pronouncements have triumphed over discontented spirits. To recognize the crime of German aggression is now to escape from spiritual indifference and to intervene as judges in a moral conflict. Upon the action of these Bismarckian imponderables—sympathies, attachments, the affinity of souls—will depend the final meaning of the great catastrophe, rather than upon military success. The insistent call to the last of the pacific peoples on the part of blood-stained Europe often surprises us, because no material aid will come from remote and feeble nations. It is desired only that the universe condemn or approve without reserve, and that to the coalition of the forces in action be added a multitude of enthusiasms. The great war differs from other conflicts in the amplitude of the problems which it seeks to solve: it is a conflict of metaphysics and religions, of industries and policies, of races and cultures. In this formidable examination of conscience, neutrality seems to be a renunciation of all that is human; the indifference of the stars is the anguish of our faltering planet. "The hour of Latin America," Barrés has just written, alluding to the moral reaction of democracies menaced by Teutonic imperialism. According to the prevision of statesmen, since the spiritual unity of the Old World is broken, the liberal new continent, from Boston to Buenos Aires, is destined to pronounce laws, save principles, and preserve against impious forces, a pure, humane and harmonious civilization.

A CHRISTENING: SCENES FROM DOMESTIC LIFE

BY

JOAQUÍN DÍAZ GARCÉS

A lively and enlightening sketch of a scene in which the actors unconsciously illuminate us regarding the manners and customs of certain classes of Chilean society; and, although the circumstances may seem to be somewhat exaggerated, the initiated will do the author the justice to think they are painted from life.—THE EDITOR.

ABLOW in the back brought me up with a start from the profound abstraction in which I was jogging along. It was Andrés, one of those friends who pass years without showing up anywhere, but, who, nevertheless, are more our friends than those who are seen daily everywhere.

"I invite you to the christening of my last youngster," he said.

"I understand from your words that you have several children."

"Seven."

"Seven! You are of my age. What have you done to produce such a lot of youngsters!"

"My life is very tranquil. I've been married eight years. I do not go out at night."

"There, there; that will do!"

"But you have not replied whether you are coming to the christening. Perhaps you don't wish to come. You rub up against nobody but great people. My house is modest. . . ."

"I see you are a socialist, as formerly. I'll go to your christening, although frankly, I am afraid of you."

"Are you afraid you will not fare well?"

"You have learned how to go about offending me. What has eating to do with a christening, my son? That's exactly what I'm afraid of—that the feast will be a long one."

"You aristocrats have your christenings dry. We, of the people, irrigate the ceremony with abundance. You will not eat caviar or swallows' nests, nor drink champagne, but I think you will have a good time. We like you better at my

home than they do in other places, where you doubtless pay dearer for affection."

"That will do, regarding the difference of classes. All your life you have taken the place you choose for yourself, with your 'We, of the people, We, the poor'; in the meantime we have grown up together and you are better to do than I am. I am coming to your baptism. Good-by."

Andrés gave me an effusive handshake, looking at me with distrust, and he took himself off, saying:

"You will not come; you will not come. I know you. The party is on Sunday. I shall expect you at the house at twelve o'clock in the day. The house is 724, Huemel, which is yours also. But you will not come."

A christening at twelve o'clock in the day, I thought to myself, is not a christening at all; it is a breakfast. It will be a stupendous affair. There will be dancing and interminable lunching. They will dine late, and then dance some more. I shall try to slip out; and it will be impossible to get away. We shall have supper as day is breaking. And I shuddered from head to foot, repeating to myself all this shocking program.

When I had made up my mind to get out of the celebration, in spite of my promise, my good friendship for Andrés, the permanent susceptibility of his character, and a thousand more other considerations, I wrote a facetious letter of excuse, and there entered my office Ovalle, the jolliest man and the greatest lover of good living in the world. He told me he was invited to the home of Andrés, and that he expected to go there with me.

"It will be a whole day lost."

"Don't be foolish. It will only be one day, and you will not have lost the time. You don't seem like an artist. You must observe; you must enjoy life. You have a liking for the national pantry and the national cookery. Well then; you will have excellent wine, fat turkey, extraordinary olives, sublime cheese, voluptuous spareribs. Besides, you are an admirer of creole beauty, and you can be assured of a succession of black eyes, fresh mouths, patient ears, immovable feet."

Before five minutes after entering the home of Andrés, we felt an extraordinary confidence. The baby had already been baptized. So much so that it was easy to see that the baptism was not the important thing, but the "trimmings."¹

The guests were being received in a spacious drawing-room, with three doors on the street, and three others opening on the court, the furniture rigidly cased in white cloth edged with red braid; with a row of ancestral pictures on the wall, some done in bromide, others in crayon, and almost all at full length; at each end was an enormous mirror, while a multitude of bric-à-brac littered the old "boules." There were half a dozen señoras, built on the same model, of the year '65, one would say. They were short, plump, well preserved, with black eyes, wide noses, expressive mouths. Each of them wore upon her bosom a medallion with a portrait of her husband. All waddled a little in walking, not with the peculiar limp of ducks, but with the rhythmical swaying of a frigate upon a calm sea. All had their spouses—as they called them—not only on the medallions, but there near at hand—and to all of them—not omitting the spouses—we had the honor to be presented: the señor Valenzuela, the owner of the South American hardware shop; the señor Andonaegui, agriculturalist; the señor Jarabrán, ex-major of the old army;² the señor Martínez, the

possessor of some mines in Maipo,¹ the señor Andraca, speculator in native fruits; and two other señores, unnamed, who were designated simply by the title of friends of the family.

Hardly had we assembled, when the people who had gone to the parish church returned. The youngster was howling like a bear, and he came into the room borne by the godmother, and escorted by a crowd of boys and girls. We loosed our tongues in praise of the new-born citizen. We declared with absolute sincerity that he had green eyes, that he looked like his mother, and that he would be a lawyer.

The mother, on whom they had waited long enough for her to be able to leave her bed, looking pallid, peevish and bloodless, occupied an easy chair near one of the windows, through which the sun was pouring. Not once did we hear her voice during the whole performance.

"On whom are we waiting?" asked with exquisite courtesy several of the six gentlemen; "hunger is beginning to make itself felt!"

"The friend of Andrés," answered several voices.

In spite of the fact that hunger is gnawing, new attractions distract our vision. There enters the drawing-room a string of young lady guests, smiling, bashful, slow, the daughters of the six gentlemen and the six ladies present, while their surnames of Valenzuela, Andonaegui, Jarabrán, Martínez and Andraca, reach our ears, accompanied by the sweeter Christian names of Elena, Adriana, Glafira, Leonor, Sara, Raquel, Leontina, Fany and Aida. Some have dresses that reach the floor and their hair done up, indicating that they are now prepared for life; but the most of them are wearing short dresses, from within two centimeters to half a yard of the floor, and the hair down the back, to

tinguished from the modern military organization effected under Prussian direction.—THE EDITOR.

¹The Spanish is *la cola*, literally, the tail, that is, what comes after; *la cola* is also used to designate the waiting line at a box or ticket office.—THE EDITOR.

²"The old army" that fought in the war of the Pacific, against Perú and Bolivia, in the early '80's, as dis-

¹Written *Maipo*, *Maipó*, *Maypo*, *Maybó*, in Chile, and *Maipú*, *Maypú*, in Argentina: a name associated with an important battle which took place on April 5, 1818, between the united army of Chileans and Argentines, on one side, and the royalist army of Spaniards and Spanish sympathizers, on the other, in which the patriots won a complete victory, capturing many prisoners, guns and supplies.—THE EDITOR.

make known that they are not yet ready. Nevertheless, their eyes demonstrate that the chapters of things known and things unknown are familiar, and that they are not averse to extending their knowledge to all the rest.

"What is the matter, Andrés," asks the señor Jarabrán with impatience. "We can't see for hunger."

"An instant; I am waiting for a friend."

"Yes, yes," said the señores; we must wait for the friend of Andrés.

Ovalle draws near and says to me in a low voice: "Leaving out these six mastodons, who are entirely beyond consideration, and the invalid, who seems to be dumb, all these fat women, who give me a pain; and this famous friend of Andrés, whom I do not know, but whom, with the favor of God and of the most holy Virgin I am going to give a punch this very day, the affair seems to me very attractive and agreeable. Have you ever seen any livelier girls? Do you see that dark one with green eyes who is laughing with the husky tone of a new duckling? Did you ever behold anything merrier than this other one in blue, with lips in the form of a trumpet?"

The description was interrupted by a single cry:

"The friend of Andrés."

Never have four words produced a greater effect. The left wing of mastodons advanced, the frigates set themselves on foot. Andrés received the newly arrived and conducted him in triumph to the easy chair of the sick woman, who pronounced two words and fell fainting:

"So happy!"

Andrés's friend was a foreigner, to judge by his aspect, of Saxon race, or rather Anglo-Saxon, with a red face, small blue eyes, mustache the color of a carrot, a big stomach, and his head was thrown back with unjustifiable pride. He went saluting everybody with a shake of the hand, but when it was a question of a man's hand, he accompanied it with an expression of contempt. I must admit that an antipathy for this señor was awakened in me with the rapidity of a pistol-shot.

Andrés took advantage of the bustle of passing to the dining-room to say to me:

"Treat him with cordiality: he is not an aristocrat, but he has an extraordinary head for business."

"He doesn't waste his manners!"

"They are his genialities. You can let him do anything, because he is a superior individual."

The appearance of the dining-room took away my breath, and completely overwhelmed me. The first thing that attracted attention was a large table in a room a great deal larger. Upon it were set in a row three great castles of sweets, on the summit of which a sugar angel upon a spiral wire swayed gently. Around these castles, that marked the backbone of the table, were accumulated in disorder sugared and ironed hams;¹ trembling gelatines with violets in each figure; roast turkeys with their feet drawn up, and sprigs of parsley in their bills; fritters of bitter orange, dressed with olives; sweet oranges, sweet limes, bananas; cakes; many kinds of cheese; bottles of wine of every imaginable brand; and a profusion of flowers truly anarchical.

The friend of Andrés, who was seated on the right of the mother, said in a sententious tone, as soon as the noise had quieted:

"I never saw in London a more beautiful table!"

If it had not been that he occupied the seat at the left of the señora, I should have asked the friend of Andrés: Has the señor ever been in London?

The gathering, exasperated by the long hour of waiting in the drawing-room, applied itself to the turkeys, gelatines and hams with a genuine rancor. The silence that had suddenly fallen was interrupted only by the noise of the knives and forks and by the passing back and forth of the robust and hoydenish girls that waited on the table. Ovalle, placed in the center of the young ladies, had succeeded in rapidly winning their sympathy; and, as may be seen and heard, he began to organize a formidable coalition against the friend of Andrés.

¹Hams that, after being otherwise prepared for baking, are covered with brown sugar and then ironed with a hot smoothing-iron until the mixture is reduced to caramel, when the ham goes to the oven.—THE EDITOR.

This was the aspect presented by the house of my friend and his various guests at half after one in the afternoon.

I was not acquainted with the last end of a breakfast beginning at one o'clock in the day and terminating after five in the afternoon. Hard on the plate of fowl, with a rich broth, tinted with slivers of unmitigated red pepper, came numerous dishes, among which stood out gloriously the baked *empanadas*,¹ spareribs with *frijoles*,² *tallarines*,³ some *pejerreyes*,⁴ the inevitable kidneys, salads of divers kinds, crabs, calves' heads, and, finally, the omelet of sea-urchins.⁵ The long list of dishes was followed by a longer list of deserts: cakes, gelatines, *alfajores*,⁶ fruits, crystallized and in syrup.

The friend of Andrés devoured every dish, as if it were the only one offered him after a long fast, and he went so far as to swear that never in London could any one give a more regal breakfast, and he addressed to each person some impertinence.

It fell to my lot to be the first mark of the friend of Andrés.

"The señor is a journalist?" he asked.

"Yes, señor;" they answered him.

"Charged perhaps with collecting news of the street, eh?"

"No, no"; gallantly interrupted Andrés; "one of our best journalists, an editor full of genius."

"In England only those who are worth nothing for anything else work at this business. Before a man goes to the prison, he has a turn with a newspaper."

¹A delicious but none too easily digested individual pastry, made of highly seasoned meats, inclosed in rich pastry, and baked and served hot: common throughout the cooler South American countries.—THE EDITOR.

²Beans, boiled and highly seasoned, and, sometimes baked, particularly in México and Central America: a staple food in many of the countries.—THE EDITOR.

³A kind of macaroni, much used in the southern countries of South America.—THE EDITOR.

⁴A highly esteemed salt-water fish.—THE EDITOR.

⁵*Eriqos*: they are extremely popular, particularly in Chile, and are eaten raw, fresh from the shell, or in the form of an omelet; one ventures to say that a liking for them must be acquired by the foreigner, as the taste is somewhat suggestive of the smell of iodoform.—THE EDITOR.

⁶Molded pastry confections, made of flour or meal of wheat, Indian corn or yucca, and dark brown sugar, flavored with pineapple, ginger, etc.—THE EDITOR.

Andrés stretched out a supplicating hand in my direction, saying:

"He is not an aristocrat, but he has good intentions."

But Ovalle, who had found out that the friend of Andrés worked in a warehouse, and that he had just made a speculation in *cochayuyo*¹ that had produced him a few pesos, said from his end:

"In Chile the same thing does not take place, my señor. Here, when no one is any good at anything else he applies himself to selling the products of the country. I saw a criminal condemned to perpetual imprisonment or to speculating in *cochayuyo*."

Andrés's friend colored; all the rest pretended not to understand, except the ex-major Jarabrán, who, with daring effrontery, rubbed his hands, and also the girls, who smiled and lowered their eyes hypocritically.

The señor Andonaegui, asked by Andrés regarding his hardware business, answers that galvanized iron is sold in larger quantities than formerly, which leads him to hope that he is going to have a successful year.

"Do not believe it," says the friend of Andrés. "You will have to close your shop in a short time, because your employees do not understand how to sell, and they take advantage of the public."

To Jarabrán, who is speaking of the battle of Tacna,² he says:

"This battle was no such great affair, my man!"

"How!" roars the ex-major. "You, a stranger dare to speak to me thus regarding one of the grandest pages of our national history!"

"Easy, easy," says Andrés, from one side.

"Bravo!" cries Ovalle.

I also make vigorous signs of assent.

"It was very easy to beat Perú, man!" insists the barbarian.

¹A Chilean edible marine plant, the *Durvilela utiles* of the naturalists. The name is said to be derived from the Quichua *coccha*, sea, lake, and *yuyo*, plant, vegetable. It is highly esteemed as a table vegetable.—THE EDITOR.

²A city in the region wrested by Chile from Perú in the war of the Pacific (March 22, 1888): it is held by Chile, but claimed by Perú.—THE EDITOR.

"And wasn't it easier to beat the Boers?" replies Jarabrán, livid with rage.

One of the anonymous gentlemen, who is near at hand, says to me in a subdued voice:

"It matters little to this fellow what the major says, for he is as much of an Englishman as I am."

"What do you mean?"

"Yes, señor; he was born in Iquique: he is a Peruvian citizen, and he has never been in England."

Andrés speaks, calming the natural irritation caused by all these stupidities of his friend, and he succeeds in imposing a few minutes of silence. The air is insupportable; the meat dishes are finished; but the desserts will not terminate during the whole day, it seems. When we believe everything concluded, trays appear with biscuits and pancakes in syrup. After three or four more dishes, we are still offered bananas, grapes, *buevo molle*,¹ and palm syrup.

All are flushed and puffed, and all speak in a high voice, with an enthusiasm out of proportion to what they say. Finally, after a prudent explanation on my part, the breakfast is concluded, and we are permitted to go into the court.

At last! The artificial distribution of the seats takes here the same character as that of water in communicating tumblers. I am dragged away violently by Ovalle to the group of girls, where he says they are calling me.

"You are too serious," one of them says to me; "and you ought to be gay."

"Good; I am gay: you only need to look at my eyes in order to put yourself in a good humor."

"Then we shall use our opportunity; you write for *El Mercurio*, eh?"

"Yes, señorita."

"Good. Tell me how the novel ends that you are now publishing in the afternoon, and about which we are so curious."

"Let me know what is the last you have read."

"All right; the Baron de Cantilano is in love with the Marchioness Luisa de Fleury, and he has just declared his love.

¹Sponge cake, with a sauce of syrup and wine, not unlike "tipsy-cake."—THE EDITOR.

Let us see, do they marry or do they not marry?"

"They marry."

"Ah, how charming! But it turns out then too tame."

"That is, they marry, but both die."

"How! Do you hear, Glafira? The señor says that the baron and the marchioness die."

The friend of Andrés lets fall his lugubrious shadow upon the group.

"Señorita, can you dance with me?" he asks the best looking of the girls.

"No, señor; I do not dance yet."

"Yes; but, on the other hand, you are already reading novels."

"Yes, señor; but I do not see what one of these has to do with the other. One dances with the feet, and reads with the eyes."

The sally is delivered with hostility toward the man of impertinences.

As soon as he retires, ingenuities of every kind break out. One of the girls, alluding to the famous speculation in *cochayuyo*, proposes that from now on we call him Mr. Cochayuyo.

From the agreeable company, the señor Andraca extracts me with a solemn gesture:

"Come here: journalist, we must make up a paragraph with our friends on politics."

I fall into the midst of the group formed by the six gentlemen, including the anonymous ones, and there begins a series of questions, answers and objections regarding the economic situation, the board of public instruction, the futility of the work of parliament, and other problems no less grave.

The señor Andonaegui is in favor of a revolution; the señor Andraca suggests different ways of settling the economic crisis, and he advises me to defend them editorially. One of them is to borrow £15,000,000 in order to lend it to all the limited companies for a period of ten years, at six per cent. interest.

"Thus the prosperity of the country will not suffer; stocks will go up and everything revive."

One of the gentlemen without a name shows himself to be a partisan of paper

money, and the other produces arguments in opposition to immigration, thinking they are in favor of it.

Ovalle and Jarabrán come for me, to show me something interesting.

"Hist!" says Ovalle; "come and see Mr. Cochayuyo."

Taking me to a window of the dining-room, they point out the extraordinary spectacle of Andrés's friend eating a sandwich! The savage was still hungry.

For two hours, until the lights appeared in the drawing-room, the guests divide their attention between an incessant, frantic dance and the attractions of the punch and other drinks that are being served in the dining-room and other rooms.

I note that the air is reaching a white heat, and that everybody has become affectionate and expressive. The talkative miss who was interested in knowing how it turned out with the baron and the marchioness, poses me by asking if they kissed aplenty before they were married. One of the frigates confides to me her literary inclinations, while she fixes on me a pair of fishy, watery eyes. She reads not a little, but she prefers love stories at 100° in the shade. She longs to write a novel, and for half an hour she tells me its plot. I find it *cursi*¹ and indecent, but I encourage her to go ahead, vowing, on my word of honor, that it will figure in literary history, and that I will publish it in the newspaper as a serial story.

The major Jarabrán laughs to himself in a corner. What can he be laughing at?

I try for a long time, all in vain, to get a dance with one of the charming partners, but Mr. Cochayuyo disappears like an exhalation with every one of them. Ovalle fares better.

I beseech Andrés, without success, to let me go. I have an engagement for dinner, I must go to the theater. In vain. The street door is locked.

Jarabrán is always laughing.

A short interruption of the dance leaves occasion for another of the frigates to approach the piano and sing "*vorrei morir*," which moves the señor Andraca beyond everything.

After her, sings a young fellow, and in the middle of a high tone his voice breaks hoarsely. Jarabrán, deeply mortified, considers himself obliged to beg his pardon, as he was not laughing at him, but at something entirely different.

A new dance is begun, and Mr. Cochayuyo jumps into the center, knocking everybody over, filling all the drawing-room, tearing the dress of his partner, stepping on the feet of the spectators, and sopping with his handkerchief a face covered with the most profuse perspiration I have ever seen in my life. At the conclusion of the polka, he approaches me, with his collar converted into an accordion, and he says: "Me no dance for the dance; me dance for to sweat."

Ovalle looks at him with rage. Jarabrán continues to smile.

Suddenly Mr. Cochayuyo turns pale, puts his hands on his stomach, falls into a chair, and begins to let out groans, suppressed at first, and then shrieks.

"What is it?" all ask. "A pain in the stomach? Give him bicarbonate! Have him lie down! Oh! what a misfortune!" But the man is really in pain.

They carry him to a chamber, and Andrés runs from one place to another, and decides to have a coach called and to accompany the unhappy fellow to his house, which is only a few squares away.

With the absence of the poor man a sense of general relief is manifest. The dancing is suspended for half an hour, and each one gives a different explanation of the occurrence. "He ate so much! He drank so much! He is a sponge! He is so full-blooded!"

Finally a new polka sounds on the piano, and everybody starts out in a feverish whirl. Major Jarabrán comes to me, and leads me to a corner saying:

"What do you think of the *gringo's* pain?"

¹See INTER-AMERICA: Volume 1, Number 1, p. 36, foot-note.—THE EDITOR.

¹*Gringo* is used generally by the American peoples of Spanish or Portuguese speech to describe one who speaks English, whether he be from the United States or Great Britain, as well as his language, customs, etc.; occasionally it means simply a foreigner, particularly, one of light hair; in México and Central America it is more often applied to the people of the United States. No confidence may be placed in the various fanciful American attempts at the etymology of this word, since it is an old Castilian word, synonymous

"I regret it."

"Not I, señor. He had to pay me for what he said about the battle of Tacna. Do you know what caused the pain?"

"I don't understand."

"It came from this! And he showed me a little paper, which to-day I should not recognize. He told me that Ovalle had gone out to buy it at the apothecary's, and that he gave it to Mr. Cochayuyo mixed in the punch."

"He has enough to make him bellow all night," he added with absolute tranquillity.

From this moment the hours were passed in the most horrible uproar. Andrés let no one depart. Twice I was surprised near the street door and deposited again in the drawing-room. The punch had made its victims, and every time they sang the "*vorrei morir*," the señor Andraca wept seas. The girl interested in the serial story asked other indiscreet questions, and the literary señora altered the last chapter of her first volume as a compliment to me, making it much more highly colored than seemed possible.

Little by little disappeared all the señoritas and some of the señoras, wearied by the dance and the hard campaign. But the piano continued to hammer out waltzes, mazurkas and polkas, which always found enthusiastic couples.

At length, overcome, I fell into a chair. Andrés approached me in the act:

with *griego*, Greek, or any other unintelligible language, and it appears, with the same meaning in Catalán and Valenciano.—THE EDITOR.

"You must be a man, Ángel! Have done with your stories. It is still early."

"Do let me go."

"You make light of my feast."

"I make light of nothing, my son. It is because it is after three in the morning, and I am tumbling over with sleep."

"No, señor; you must enjoy yourself."

And I still had to dance, drink, converse and even think about different subjects.

When the first faint streak of dawn appeared touching the tips of the orange trees, I wished to run away, and I went out with my hat.

Andrés took me by the arm, led me to the passage that conducted to the back of the house, and with a beaming look said:

"Listen!"

There was a dull sound, like that of a stone falling upon something soft.

"They are mangling the *charqui*² for the *valdiviano*.³ Don't go away, please!"

I could have died on the spot. But Ovalle and Jarabrán, who came from the house, talking noisily, led me aside:

"We have taken a turn to the house of the *gringo*. He is still howling. You can hear him in the street. Now for the *valdiviano*!"

¹The author's *nom de plume* is Ángel Pino. See his sketch *A Parisian Bargain Day in Chile*: Santiago Gossip, published in INTER-AMERICA: English: Volume I, Number I, p. 35.—THE EDITOR.

²Jerked beef.—THE EDITOR.

³A rich dish, served with an abundance of broth, composed of vegetables, jerked beef mangled, dropped eggs, etc.: the name is probably derived from the city of Valdivia, in southern Chile.—THE EDITOR.



JOSÉ MATÍAS DELGADO

BY

SALVADOR TURCIOS R.

A study of the Central American pioneer and leader in the struggle for independence that deals with a personality and a period of history about which the most of us are not informed, in which the author shows both how democracy was made to prevail and how Central America was kept free from the encroachments of foreign nations.—THE EDITOR.

Delgado was the oracle of the Salvadorian people and the arbiter of its affairs.—LORENZO MONTÚFAR.

THE great philosopher Emerson has said that men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

In studying any of the manifestations of human activity, in serenely analyzing the most meager expressions of creative intelligence, in transcendent ideas of every character, we must seek, like the bold diver of the ocean's depths, the hidden treasure of fundamental actions and the preconceived formalities in behalf of the triumph of the powerful ideal of life in the eternal evolution of all that exists. We must seek the formula of the supreme synthesis in order to capture, if we may speak thus, the concrete conception of this same progressive activity, whether in the spiritual relations of individuals and peoples, or whether simply as the undeniable demonstration of human action in the redemptive work of the organization of life according to scientific and juridical thought.

It is therefore in this sense that we purpose to study the human action of the illustrious organizer of the life of a free people, of the chief patriot and virtuous priest, Doctor José Matías Delgado, who was, to the mind of Lorenzo Montúfar, "the oracle of the Salvadorian people and the arbiter of its affairs."

In order the better to understand the eponymous personality of this heroic representative of the emancipatory feats and his decisive influence upon the political destiny of Central America, we must betake ourselves to the tranquil home of his ancestors. Making a bow in tribute of

respect, we invoke the sacred sentiment of love for the patria and say with national pride that in this city of San Salvador, which with justice has been called the cradle of Central American liberty, was born, for the honor and glory of a race and a continent, the greatest of the heroes of the isthmus, and that the date, February 24, 1767, on which there came into the world the doughty paladin of Spanish-American justice and democracy, ought to be marked with the white stone of imperishable remembrance in the sacred annals of redeemed humanity.

With no pretense of giving the biography of Doctor Delgado, which is outside of our purpose, we may remark that not in vain was it said that the orange blossom, in so far as it may be considered the expression of the unknown, is a constant ally of the mysterious combinations of human life.

This suggests to us the idea that don Pedro Delgado, who came from Panamá to this city, and married doña María Ana de León, of Spanish origin, never thought, as was natural, that he would have the glory of being the progenitor, in a land remote from his own, of José Matías Delgado, one of the great founders of the American Indies.

That child of sickly appearance, who was born in the love of the traditional chivalry of his parents, gave signs from an early age of possessing a happy intelligence, which he began to cultivate in this city, to continue developing brilliantly in Guatemala, where he obtained the diplomas of doctor of canon law and of advocate of the Real Audiencia, having been, at the same time, ordained a priest, and returning to the cure of souls in this city. Here he took up the intense life of the

worthy apostle and illustrious patriot, until he became "a great heart placed at the service of humanity," as a distinguished publicist has said of him.

We shall divide the present study, into three parts, thus:

1. The political actuation of Doctor Delgado in the cry of independence of November 5, 1811.
2. His attitude in the proclamation of independence, September 15, 1821.
3. His heroic participation in the grave events that occurred after that date, until the year 1832, in which he died.

The ideas of political emancipation that agitated the Hispano-American world at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as an immediate consequence of the French Revolution and of the independence of the English colonies in North America, had infused into free spirits an energy bent on vindicating the rights of man, and thus we have, as the precursor of liberty, proclaiming the sovereign principles of liberation, that luminary of glory and martyrdom, Francisco Miranda,¹ who marked by the audacity of his effort for freedom the sanguinary trail along which soon would pass the legendary heroisms of that visionary of justice and right known to the world as Simón Bolívar, the liberator of South America.

In the north, in the patria of the indomitable Cuauhtemoc, free thought, the divine breath of liberty, had taken refuge in the luminous brow of the daring priest of the humble village of Dolores, the great patriot, Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, who, incarnating the hopes of an enslaved people, and with but a handful of valiant followers, made the tottering power of triumphant despotism tremble with alarm. In Central America ideas of independence had also found lodgment in select minds that had discerned the soul of the political

events that were taking place in Spanish America at the dawn of the century of the great crusade of emancipation.

It was Tuesday, November 5, 1811, when the austere priest, Doctor José Matías Delgado, like that other virtuous apostle of Jesus Christ, don Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, called together the people with the sonorous vibrations of the bell in the church of La Merced in this city in order to stir an uprising of Central America to independence, as patriotism had done in the south and in the north of the continent.

The soul of this revolutionary movement was Doctor José Matías Delgado, resolutely seconded by the other Salvadorian patriots, Manuel José Arce,¹ Juan Manuel Rodríguez, Nicolás, Manuel and Vicente Aguilar, Juan and Miguel Delgado, Pedro Pablo Castillo, Carlos Fajardo and Francisco Morales.

Masters of the city, the independents deposed the intendant, Antonio Gutiérrez Ulloa, and the other Spanish authorities; and for more than a month it was governed by mayors popularly elected, as the germ of national autonomy. During this interval of time there was not committed any kind of excess, in spite of the great agitation in which the people were involved; which demonstrates the elevated character of the patriotism that had led to this insurrection, as well as the longings for liberty and the legitimate aspirations of those who had seconded them.

This revolutionary movement failed, however, for want of the external support of the people in general of the province of San Salvador, and the prime movers of the enterprise were compelled to endure every kind of injustice and a long imprisonment. The illustrious Delgado remained in retirement in Guatemala for ten years, that is, until 1821.

In studying the occurrences of the war of independence in Spanish America, and without being blinded by the enthusiasm of a sincere patriotism, we must agree that:

¹A Venezuelan general (1750-1816), who left his country on account of a conspiracy against the viceroy, and went to Paris in 1791; in France he attached himself to Dumouriez and entered service in his army; after varying fortunes, he was deported with the *Girondistes*, and he returned to America; in 1811 he aroused Venezuela and organized a republican government at Caracas; shortly afterward he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and was taken to Cádiz and thrown into prison, where he died.—THE EDITOR.

¹Born, January 1, 1787, in the city of San Salvador; from 1811 until 1821 he played a chief part in the movement to establish independence; much of his life was spent in prison or in exile; he was the first president of Central America, but losing favor, he was banished in 1829; he returned to Salvador, after being pardoned, in 1840; he was exiled again in 1844 for conspiracy, and he did not return until 1847, the year of his death.—THE EDITOR.

inasmuch as it was the first of our civil struggles, in it inheres precisely the prime importance involved in this formidable, overwhelming fact, in the view of the thinker. It was civil war, because the most terrible enemies of the liberators were not the Spanish soldiers, but the very peoples whom they undertook to set free. It was civil war also, because they were Spaniards—Americans and creoles—who threw down the gauntlet to other Spaniards, the Peninsulars.

This historical phenomenon terminated disastrously in the province of San Salvador, after the giving of the revolutionary cry of November 5, 1811, because only four towns weakly responded to the valiant challenge issued to Spanish domination by the founder Delgado, while the rest, that is to say, the majority of the people, did not share, as they ought to have done, the noble aspirations of the liberators.

It is at such a time that the legendary personality of Doctor Delgado appears on the stage of the patria with the eternal lineaments of the epic and with the enduring crown of history; for if, indeed,

that first chimerical attempt did not produce the desired result, not on this account may it be said to have been without effect toward the achievement of the independence of these peoples.

The incendiary spark hurled by the great insurgents, Miranda, in the south, and Hidalgo, in the north, produced the splendid dawn of Hispano-American liberty.

Therefore it is the epic attitude of the illustrious Delgado that has come to symbolize, in the heroic plasticity of bronze, and in the silent prayer of the candid marble, the tutelary genius of the resplendent ideal of independence and of the national sovereignty of Central America throughout the chaotic cycles of the turbulent life of unbridled passions and immense misadventures. It was because Doctor Delgado was fortunate enough to epitomize the vigorous soul and courage of a people obstinately opposed to the distressing humiliations of slavery that he became the beautiful incarnation of the lofty principles of justice and right of a nation, small in territory, but great in its splendid aspirations after liberty.

Well may it be said that Father Delgado, both on account of his private virtues and his vigorous temperament as a political disputant, was constituted to be the able leader of the exploited and humiliated multitudes in the contest for outraged right; and it is therefore in this sense that, by reason of his learning and his upright character, he is looked upon with justice as the Central American hero who never stained the laurels of victory with unconscious weaknesses and with the base passions of ignoble ambitions.

November 5, 1811, forms an eternal pedestal upon which is erected the glorious personality of the illustrious liberator of Central America, Doctor José Matías Delgado.

The proclamation of independence, on September 15, 1821, was the logical consequence of the insurrectionary act of November 5, 1811, inasmuch as this transcendent event contributed powerfully to awaken the sleeping consciousness of a people ignorant and brutalized by the oppressive burden of three centuries of ignominious slavery.

The subsequent manifestations of the spirit of liberty, in León, Nicaragua, December 13 and 26, 1811; in Granada,¹ January 8, 1812; the efforts of the patriots in Guatemala, in 1813; and the second liberative movement in San Salvador, January 24, 1814, directed by the leaders Manuel José Arce, Juan Manuel Rodríguez, Miguel Delgado, Nicolás, Manuel and Vicente Aguilar, and which culminated in the strangling of the illustrious patriot, Santiago José Celis, go to prove eloquently :

that all the social events which tend toward the realization of a good and generous ideal, although in appearance they may have failed, are, in reality, elements that have been preparing for the triumph of the cause in view; are the foundations upon which must rest the definitive work toward which are directed the energies of man; are the necessary stages for reaching the point where we shall have to effect our redemption.

It is then in such a sense, as we shall proceed to demonstrate, that the initial ef-

¹In Nicaragua.—THE EDITOR.

fort of Doctor Delgado brought about the true independence of Central America, and this essential fact constitutes precisely the greatest victory of the political ideal of the Salvadorian people.

In the act of the proclamation of independence, September 15, 1821, at the palace of the captains general of Guatemala, there occurred, as was inevitable, the natural conflict of the two political forces that represented respectively: the past, with all its ignominies, superstitions and ignorances, and the future, with the glorious promises of revindication and positive government by a free patria.

In that historic meeting, participated in by the founder Delgado, by virtue of his being a member of the provincial deputation of San Salvador, he was one of the fervid patriots who, with determination and unshakable faith, stood out resolutely for the absolute independence of Central America, and with this conviction he signed the act of independence that freed us from Spain, but not from the Spaniards and *Hispanicizers*¹ of that period, so uncertain in the destinies of the patria.

It has frequently been said that the variable political actuation of the captain general, Gabino Gainza, contributed powerfully to the easy proclamation of independence, without it being comprehended that in the very treason of Gainza, in recognizing the new public situation created on September 15, was implanted the baneful germ of the anarchy which did not long delay in bringing prostration, discredit and ruin to the Central American isthmus, until there came to be stamped upon it the tragic seal that it bears at present, divided, impoverished and vacillating in the presence of the new dominating forces of imperialistic nations.

In partially analyzing the transcendent deficiencies contained in the act of independence of September 15, 1821, as likewise the character of the antagonistic elements that made in connection with it a compact of dubious fellowship, we are compelled to conclude that "the encounter

between the American and the Peninsular Spaniards came solely from the inequality of representation."

It must be said in frankness that the political act of September 15 was not properly the proclamation of the independence of Central America, for it must be borne in mind that the authority derived from that event was, in the main, dominated by the traditionalist party, that is, by the so-called nobility, the clergy, the higher employees and the Hispanicizing creoles, who sought to continue to exercise among these peoples the mediaeval government of the colony.

For this reason we say that the treason of the captain general, Gabino Gainza, bore the germ of the anarchy into which Central America fell very soon, and which was to nourish the false patriotism of men who were only minded to supplant in the government the Peninsular Spaniards, without thinking at all of the legitimate interests of the patria; for it would not be possible to conceive of a true independence in which the directors of the fallen regimen should continue to represent the principle of authority in the new order of ideas created as a result of this partial independence.

What else could be meant by the arrangement that Gabino Gainza should continue in the office of captain general or of *jefe político*,¹ after having occupied the same position before the proclamation of independence?

In this egregious error is to be sought the diastrous origin of the uncertain political course of Central America; for it must be agreed that the true patriots who dreamed honorably of the positive independence of the patria constituted a minority of the thoughtful *élite* who struggled manfully against the unbridled ambition of the so-called nobility and against the ignorance of the masses brutalized by the painful stigma of three centuries of Spanish colonial domination.

It is for this reason that some one has said that the proclamation of independ-

¹The creoles who sided with the old Spanish order of things.—THE EDITOR.

¹Formerly used in Spain, and now in a number of the Spanish-American countries, to designate the official charged with the chief civil authority of a province or other definite political divisions.—THE EDITOR.

ence of September 15, 1821, was made as a "fluke," and not as the conscious and stupendous expression of the generality of the peoples.

The act itself, which was drawn up by the learned Honduran, don José Cecilio del Valle, and which was written, as has been affirmed, under the stress of the persistent rivalry that existed between del Valle and the wise Nicaraguan, don Miguel Larreynaga, contains many defects and inharmonies that time has corrected with a highly impartial and scientific criticism, taking into consideration that, being the product of human thought, it was exposed to the consequent errors and contradictions of the political ideas of that turbulent and unfortunate period in the history of the patria.

Hence it is that we have always considered as a beautiful lesson in honor and character the decorous attitude of the ex-captain general, Carlos Urrutia y Montoya, who, in spite of the offers that were made him after September 15 that "he should continue in the enjoyment of the privileges of the past and of the salary attached to his office," preferred to absent himself from Guatemala and thus to despise with lofty dignity the infamous compromise. This admirable lesson in honor and civic purity did not penetrate the conscience of Gainza or of the Hispanicizing party that sustained him in the government of Central America.

On September 13, 1821, or fifteen days after the proclamation of independence, when the people of San Salvador were preparing to elect the provincial assembly, Pedro Barriere, the *jefe político*, who did not treat with the Salvadorian patriots, and who, supposing that the election would favor persons who held liberal ideas, issued the statement that he considered himself lacking in the proper right to authorize this act; and, as the people manifested their dissatisfaction and proceeded afterward to threats, the meeting was broken up by force, and Barriere ordered the arrest of the leaders, Manuel José Arce, Juan Manuel Rodríguez, Domingo Antonio Lara and other distinguished citizens.

The consulting assembly of Guatemala,

aware of the ever avowed patriotism and the great energy of the founder, José Matías Delgado, commissioned him, giving him sufficient powers, to come to settle the differences that had arisen in consequence of the despotism of the *jefe político* Barriere, and of the longings of the oppressed people for liberty.

Doctor Delgado established the provincial assembly and obliged Barriere to leave San Salvador. At the same time he dictated measures necessary for the better organization of the province.

The establishment of the provincial assembly took place on November 28, 1821, the same day on which the captain general, Gabino Gainza, was informing the provincial assembly of Guatemala that he had received a communication from the president of the regency of México, General Agustín Iturbide, in which he made him a proposition to the effect that the kingdom of Guatemala should unite itself with the Mexican empire.

The philosophy of history, in examining the occurrences of the past, is conclusive and precise when it undertakes to formulate the finalities of all its speculations.

What else could be demonstrated by the procedures of Gainza in the events connected with the absorption of Guatemala by México, if we study them in the light of the experience with which philosophy itself supplies us? At what conclusions could we arrive, if we compared the different tendencies of the private acts and the individual psychology of the men of the Independence who took part in the resolutions of September 15, 1821?

Well might we formulate, in a very general and concrete sense, this principle of universal ethics. In all human activities and aspirations there always exist two completely divergent tendencies, which poetic thought has symbolized by the divine Ariel and the sordid Caliban, or, to express it otherwise, in the ideal and the material, or the evil and good of the legendary conception.

For it ought to be understood that the men of the period of independence were influenced, some of them by the spirit of Ariel, who were the true liberators, and others, by the malevolent Caliban, and

they were the ones who aspired only to satisfy their marked material instincts by the exploitation of the people through their ignorance and superstition.

During this lamentable but necessary struggle for assuring the freedom of Central America, there were, in Guatemala the Mexican Gabino Gainza, and, in San Salvador, the hero José Matías Delgado, with the illustrious paladins of democracy; and from this unequal fray the herculean personality of Doctor Delgado issued splendidly glorified, and there were found, as has been said by the eminent master, don Francisco Gavidia:

face to face two principles, one of which is the future and the other is despotism. Iturbide, with México and the captain general, Gainza, and Central America, uphold empire; José Matías Delgado and San Salvador stand for the republican form of government and the idea that Central America ought to be an independent nation. Such is the dream of 1822.

You all know this page of history: the victories of the assembly of San Salvador, directed by Delgado in Espinal and in San Salvador, over the imperialists; the combats in the outskirts of San Salvador. . . . Those two years of '22 and '23 . . . and did force win? Yes; did force triumph? No; it was a victory for right, for an idea, for progress, for liberty, for independence, for the republic. The parade of this army of philosophy was something that the peoples saw pass as the bearer of the enigma of Central American destiny: there were the couriers that traversed the immense territory of Central America and México; the reply of the emperor, "treat them as rebels"; the pamphlet of Valle, published in México, that answered the utterances with which, for a period of sixteen months, Salvador replied to the imperialists. All this was to transform, to enlighten the public conscience of México, and when the last declaration of San Salvador was answered by the pronouncement of Casa Mata, which overthrew the empire of Iturbide, the philosophy of history could write these words: To José Matías Delgado and the city of San Salvador, Central America and México owe their republican form.

Therefore we affirm that the influence of Doctor Delgado was decisive in the political destinies of Central America, and that true national independence was adopted by the national constituent assembly of Guatemala, over which Father

Delgado presided, according to the decree of July 1, 1823, in which occurs Article 1, as an eternal pyramid of fundamental law, and which runs thus:

That the said provinces (of Central America) are free and independent of Old Spain, of México and of every other power, whether of the Old or of the New World, and that they are not and ought not to be the patrimony of any person or family whatsoever.

If we make a comparison of the act of independence of September 15, 1821, with the decree of emancipation of July 1, 1823, we shall clearly understand that the latter contains the positive triumph of right and democracy and of the rule of justice to which the founder Delgado and all the honored champions of the legitimate independence of Central America constantly aspired.

Between this turbulent period of the national history and the year 1832, the details of which we omit, since they are too regrettably well known, the intellectual and patriotic figure of Doctor Delgado attained the gigantic proportions of a skillful leader of multitudes, an apostle of conviction and a reformer of profound political ideas, who was in advance of the spirit of his times.

He was the Central American hero who maintained with an invincible energy, with a consistency bordering on evangelical heroism, the republican ideal as the essential formula of the democratic government of the people and for the people, in an epoch in which, in the south and in the north of the continent, in the clamor of the struggle for freedom, many of the great insurgent leaders were thinking of establishing monarchical governments for the people freed from Spanish dominion.

This is the most splendid political glory of Doctor Delgado and of the vigorous Salvadorian people.

One of the acts of the public life of Father Delgado that has been most discussed by his admirers and his adversaries was his exaltation to the episcopal see of the province of San Salvador. As a comprehensive Salvadorian writer has justly said:

This proceeding was a kind of defence,

desirable for establishing against the influences that an ecclesiastical authority hostile to independence might seek to establish, above all, when it was believed with reason that Spain would attempt to effect the reconquest of her old colonies.

For identical reasons the constituent assembly of the United Provinces of the Río de la Plata, when, in 1813, it met to discuss the organization of a government for the nation which had declared its autonomy since 1810, went so far in its declarations as to create an Argentine church.

In respect of what has to do with the movement for independence in Central America, we are well aware that the most of the Spanish or foreign clergy were formidable adversaries of the noble manifestations of patriotism; and, as was natural, the principal positions of the ecclesiastical hierarchy were occupied by the priests who gave promise of most support in behalf of alien rule. If, in a given case, distinction was conferred upon a *creole priest*, this was done more in obedience to ideas of a purely political order than as an act of strict justice to the virtues and intellectual capacity of the priest so honored.

Otherwise, let us set ourselves to consider what would have been the attitude of the Salvadorian people in the grave political events that took place between 1811 and 1832, if, instead of the glorious *creole priest*, Doctor José Matías Delgado, who guided it resolutely to the achievement of liberty, it had possessed as a leader the foreign priest, Friar Ramón Casaus y Torres, accompanied by an army of *Spanish priests*. Without doubt the haughty province of San Salvador would not have been the bulwark of independence and the preserver of national autonomy, and its annexation to México, or some other imperialistic nation would easily have been effected, as would have been attempted by the Mexican Gabino Gainza, Friar Casaus y Torres himself, the

Aycinenas, the Beltianenas and the other Hispanicizing priests.

It is on the basis of this simple argument that we consider the realization of the noble ambition of Father Delgado, in occupying the episcopal see of San Salvador, very legitimate and of great public interest as a necessary step for counteracting the influence of the *foreign clergy* in the national affairs of these peoples, above all, in the period in which democratic institutions were insecure in the presence of powerful forces sprung up as a result of sudden transition, the sway of a conquering despotism and the reign of sacred liberty.

Father Delgado, being "the oracle of the Salvadorian people and the arbiter of its affairs," necessarily must needs employ every legitimate means that his patriotic loyalty indicated, in order duly to meet the responsibilities he was under for the sovereign existence of the people he synthesized heroically in that tragic period of history.

It is a truth eternally verified, however, that the great seers, the apostles of justice, the reformers of all ages, the liberators of enslaved humanity, have always been the crucified sufferers of history, the glorious victims of stonings throughout the centuries, who have fertilized with the generous blood of their sacred ideals and their legendary prowess the immense field of human progress.

The illustrious Salvadorian hero, Doctor José Matías Delgado, who had received from God the providential mission of being the liberator of an exploited, humiliated and mocked people, and incarnating the dauntless spirit of the untamable chief Atlacatl of heroic Cuscatlán, has been transfigured, as a demigod of the great patria, into the epic stanza of the Pentelic marble and into the symbolic orb that gleams perennially in the heart of the zodiac of national liberty.

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